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Marjorie Parker, '37.

White Daisies Go Down to the Sea

Angelique brushed a wisp of brown hair away from her eyes as she bent closer over the daisies she was gathering in the field. The song she had begun to sing died on her lips when, looking out on the water, she saw a small boat round the nose of Saint Bonaventure, the great mountain that thrust itself far out in the sea. It looked like,—yes, it was old Pierre Beauval's fishing smack. Angelique sat down in the grass, and, shading her eyes from the afternoon sun with her hand, wondered why old Pierre was sailing the fishing boat on Sunday. Laying her bouquet aside, she stretched herself full length upon the ground, centering her thoughts on Victor Beauval, old Pierre's son. He had gone down to Montreal two years before to sell his paintings and had remained there ever since. She had grown lonely, living with only Mère Madeleine and her white kitten, "Petite Etoile," but she had not tired waiting. Victor had never told her that he loved her; his kindness and affection towards her were probably a result of their growing up together. But she had always loved him; even when they were little children she had felt it inside her. A warm tear squeezed itself out of the corner of her eye, wriggling down the side of her face until it trickled off into a large fragrant clover in the grass.

She was aroused by the gruff, friendly bark of Figaro, neighbor Poussin's sheep dog, who roamed over the countryside chasing other people's sheep. Gathering up her daisies, a little sigh escaped her but was stifled by a quick pressure of the flowers to her breast. Reaching the summit of the clover hill, she turned and made her way down the dusty, winding road, thinking of Victor, his landscape paintings, and Montreal. But she must be happy and she must be gay for it was Mère Madeleine's birthday; Mère Madeleine, who had loved her, cared for her, and worked for her ever since she could remember. They must have a nice supper; she would bake a cake and afterwards maybe they would eat some of the bonbons left from Easter.

Approaching the weather-beaten gray house, Angelique turned into the side yard, walked down the path of wooden planks leading to the bay and picked a large cod off the racks of fish that had been split and were drying in the sun. When she entered the spacious and immaculate kitchen from the back door, she arranged the daisies in a large crockery pitcher and placing the codfish in a kettle of water, she set it to boil. After a cake was placed in the oven, she went out on the back porch facing the bay and sat down in the creaking rocking-chair. She swayed to and fro, caressing the neck of the kitten, who had jumped into her lap. She could feel the throat of the soft warm body as it pulsed against her own. That strange point between consciousness and unconsciousness had come upon her when the smell of a baking cake floated out from the kitchen. She jumped up with a start, disturbing Petite Etoile so that she mewed loudly and expressively in indignation.

As Angelique gazed out of the window beside the stove, she could see Mère Madeleine puffing down the hill, one hand clutching a full skirt, the other keeping a little white bonnet close to her head. Mère Madeleine loved her bonnets, especially this one with the tucks and frills which Angelique had sewn on. Yes, thought Mère Madeleine, Angelique would be happy to know that Victor Beauval had come home that afternoon in old Pierre's fishing boat.

The young girl ran down the steps. Kissing Mère Madeleine full on the cheek, she wished her a happy feast day and led her up the porch into the kitchen. They sat down and ate in silence until Mère Madeleine whispered, "Victor has come home." Angelique, startled, paused, lowered her eyes and repeated, "Victor has come home." Then hiding her emotion, she threw back her head and, smiling, asked in a low tone, "How does he look?"

"Ah! he looks the same, maybe a little thinner but of the same manner."

"Is he going to stay?"

Mère Madeleine, cocking her small head to one side, thought a minute and then replied, "I don't know, he didn't say. I didn't stay long, for Mme. Beauval was so excited and happy that I didn't want to be in the way."

"What do you think he will do here, now?"

"Ah! I had forgotten," said Mère Madeleine, "he says he is going to be married."

"Oh! I see," was all Angelique could say.

When Mère Madeleine had taken the second piece of cake and picked up Petite Etoile, she began to rock contentedly on the porch, and Angelique knew that the incident was finished.

After she had put the kitchen in order Angelique slipped outside and watched Mère Madeleine dozing off. The worn boards creaked as she moved down the porch steps. She walked along the path and, crossing over a rickety stile, began to climb the summit called "Les Trois Sœurs." The grass was full and green and seemed almost alive. Angelique wandered aimlessly until she reached the place where Victor had once painted her, sharply outlined against the blue sky and bluer sea. She had stood there while the wind pinned her garments close to the rounded contours of her body, and the sea gulls flying over from the bird sanctuary on Saint Bonaventure had perched on her two outstretched hands. Victor, catching this mood on canvas had called it "L'Amour des Oiseaux."

She lay down on those rocks and gazed drearily at the sea. As she lay there she dreamed that her heart fell into the sea; the waves took it and tossed it about, a throbbing, pitiful thing as it twisted and turned in the froth of a wavebreak which cast it up on the rough sand.

Recalled to life it pulsed once more at the sound of a clear voice whispering softly, "Mignonne!"

Without turning she knew it was Victor. How cruel that he should

use that sweet tone to her now. She was standing then. He came up to her, lean and straight, and took her small hands between his own. He kissed them both.

"One kiss for each year I've been without you."

"But, no, you mustn't," Angelique said excitedly.

"Why not?"

"Because you are going to be married soon."

"Yes," he said, "to you, Mignonne."

Angelique, astonished, tried to speak but could not. She sat down on a rock and began to cry softly. When she had stopped she asked him why Mère Madeleine had not told her.

"I wanted to tell you, to ask you."

"What made you come back?"

"You made me come back, you with the daisies in your hair and the birds on your shoulders; you called across the sea and I heard you."

That night the gulls from Saint Bonaventure screeched loudly as they flew around the gray house. Angelique answered in her heart that she was happy, but she lay down with a sigh for she was tired; she had kept a long vigil.

JANET MORRIS, '37.

Aspiration

When I must die I want
The brisk November
To be with me—
The crackle of dried leaves,
The branches shaking,
The winds that scold the barren trees,—
I want the songs of all of these
For company.

I'll see a sun that's shy of me,
Low-hanging clouds
That bring the heavens near to me,
And then I'll go,
Seeking out a winter's rest,
Wrapt in the brown of autumn's breast
Eternally.

The time—an evening in November
Before the sun has fled,
And oh, be sure it's in November—
November loves the dead.

Maureen Riordan, '39.

Analogy

I saw the moon in splendor rise
In the darkness o'er the sea
Like a royal gem of ivory white
In a field of ebony.

Then each dark wave that rose and fell
Enraptured by her light
Made offer to the heaven's queen
Of her foam of purest white.

I thought the moon a Sacred Host
In a monstrance raised on high,
Whence rays of grace all sought the deep
Where human hearts did lie.

Then from those depths of misery
To the pure Heart of their God
Came homage of a humble prayer
From each captive human heart.

S. D. M.

An Interview with John Gielgud



Aurora Dias, '39.

The curtain rises to reveal a personality as unassuming and as melancholy as the traditional Hamlet. But who is more entitled to such characteristics than London's own favorite Hamlet, John Gielgud—a slim young man, with a quiet restful face, polite manner, soft voice, and decidedly English accent.

As he nonchalantly stepped from the stage entrance of the Empire Theater, his appearance was more the typical English sportsman than a great actor. In a heavy belted topcoat, with a soft gray hat pulled down, he presented a very inconspicuous figure. Indeed, he was not even recognized at first by the eager autograph seekers

who, but a few minutes before, had seen him render a new and beautiful Hamlet. Suddenly some one gave a shout and the next minute he was stormed by an adoring multitude. He answered questions politely and willingly, declaring—as the crowd thrilled to his fascinating accent—that he was so swamped with reporters seeking interviews that he didn't know where to turn. Not once did he smile, and although his manner was pleasant there was little emotion and nothing of the actor. Passers-by became very excited and one shouted, "Who's that, Leslie Howard?"—curious coincidence that both Englishmen should bring Hamlet to the American theater at the same time.

This is not Mr. Gielgud's initial visit here. Way back in 1928 he came to New York as the Grand Duke Alexander in *The Patriot*, but the show failed after a few days' run. So back to London he went to rise to new heights in the theater.

Despite the fact that he is the grandnephew of the great Ellen Terry, he was not pampered in the theater. His first seven years on the stage were not easy. He received little or no recognition from the critics. His first Romeo was a dire failure. In fact, it wasn't until his third attempt that he was really able to master this very difficult rôle. But he was determined to play Romeo. Last winter he actually produced this play, alternating the parts of Romeo and Mercutio with Laurence Olivier. This version broke the record for the number of performances this romance has ever had on the stage. As a director he has to his credit *Richard of Bordeaux*, in which he had earlier given his first impressive performance, and several less important comedies.

His screen appearance in *Secret Agent*, he says, was more or less an experiment; he was very desirous of learning the methods of Director Alfred Hitchcock whom he admires greatly. However, Mr. Gielgud expressed a dislike for motion picture work because of the limitations placed on the actors.

As for the stage, he revealed that he does not like confining himself to the classics. It is necessary, he thinks, to vary the style of plays he enacts in order to have broader experience and to give more spontaneous performances.

The thirty-two-year-old actor announced that he did not intend to play Hamlet after he was thirty-five. Certainly there can be no fear that he will become too old for the part because at present this retiring Englishman looks four or five years younger than he actually is.

Naturally everyone is curious to know why John Gielgud did not take the name of his illustrious ancestors on the stage. The Terry's are more or less *the* theatrical family in England. London's favorite matinée idol answers that he declined to do so for two excellent reasons. First of all, he wished to succeed through his own talents, and, then, too, he feared that another Terry might antagonize the critics.

Although he has always loved the theater, there were times when he thought of becoming an architect. However, the lure of the stage proved too great. The young student decided to wait until he was twenty-six to find out whether or not he possessed the dramatic ability peculiar to his ancestors. Today there is little doubt that John Gielgud possesses the amazing talent that once made Ellen Terry the idol of the English stage.

EILEEN EICHELL, '40.

Investiture

To the music of the clear, sweet voices in the choir, the new Freshmen marched solemnly, one by one, forming a semicircle in the dark auditorium. Each was a little nervous and a little breathless.

It was easy to detect the light of pride radiant in each girl's eyes as she walked slowly around the room, so great was her honor in wearing the traditional gown. The candle she carried was a star, guiding its bearer safely through the darkness to the platform. Such a picture truly offers a symbol of Life and the part college takes in it: knowledge and wisdom to guide us safely through the darkened paths to our destination.

The whole scene, touching, inspiring, might bring forth from a poet's soul:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
And so make Life, Death and that vast For Ever,
One grand sweet song."

JANE BOYLAN, '40.

"You Are Gods"¹

When we look about us in this press-a-button-there-you-are age of ours, we feel with a richly smug satisfaction that man has solved all problems of living. He has not merely eliminated dirt and discomfort from travel, but has given it a speed such as rivals the bi-location of the mystics. Mechanically regulated stores prepare food, genii-like,—whole dinners at once. Even the problem of dressing has been streamlined into speed and convenience. Wearing apparel either "slips-on" or "zips" on. So we could continue endlessly modern man's solutions of the problems of living. But one problem has not been solved; one problem still looms without secure or swift solution. That problem is the earning of his bread.

The reason why it is his most difficult task is easily explained. Man chooses to make it the most important. If America has any saga at all, it is that most monotonous narrative of the immigrant who put the native to shame by amassing a fortune in this land of promise. And since he is reported to have begun this epic by selling shoelaces or pressing pants, America has come to place emphasis on the weekly income, be it ever so insignificant. Human lives pour into shops and offices because this mirage of security, the wage, tempts so. And less striving is done for the more glorious tasks of the arts, professions, crafts, or home-making: those life works that might leave the stamp of a nation upon the history of the world, and which are more worthy of the gifts that God has bestowed on human nature.

We couch the problem delicately, of course. We say "seeking my fortune," "settling my future," "finding myself." But it all means the same thing—"What is the surest way of earning my bread?" Before one can complain about the method or about the insecurity of the method or about the economic system or the previous generation or an unsatisfactory college education or poor advisement, we ask him a primary question, "What are you worth to this civilization? What have you to contribute? What demands can you make?" And if one is a beginner and wise, he will realize that his capital for investment is merely his potentialities. And that thought leads us to a very vital consideration.

People of achievement are prone to refer to their days of struggle with some amount of commendation. Everyone recognizes in this a proof of the fact that they considered their life's work more important than food or shelter. They knew the wherewithal would come if they developed the talents bestowed upon them. God sees to that. Did you ever let a very little kitten, with his eyes still blue, run across a table?

¹ In accordance with our policy of widening the scope of LORIA, we introduce this contribution from the alumnae.

When it comes to the edge it shrinks and turns back even if you are holding your hands out to protect it. We must seem very much like that to our Maker, time and time over. We are too often afraid to plunge, thinking He may not be there.

But why ask Mr. Ford or Mr. Morgan or Mr. Tunney, who seem to be successful, how they did it? No two stories would parallel anyhow. Why not ask the only successful Man Who ever lived, the Man Who has an answer to every problem if you are courageous enough to accept it. He will tell you there is no secret to success. It is an open formula.

The psalmist gives us the words of his Master. These same words Christ quoted to rebuke some of His sniveling opponents when they called Him a blasphemer. They are, "You are gods."² That was meant literally. Each man is a god—a kingdom unto himself, supreme in the freedom of his will, secure in the resources of his talents, equipped with a mind capable of dreams and creation. What, then, is his incumbent duty? Too easy, that! He must develop himself worthy of that godly rank. Yes, developed to the full—the wherewithal He will supply. His words are direct, "Not by bread alone doth man live but by doing the will of My Father Who is in Heaven." When Truth Itself speaks we can hardly call it poesy. And again we hear, "The workman is worthy of his hire." Nothing about profits or fortune-making is found in that sentence. You will recall that when this was said Christ was sending His Apostles out on their missions. He warned them to bring no money or extra equipment. The task assigned was more important than the earning of one's bread; that, He would take care of. On this occasion He made that famously beautiful observation, "Consider the lilies of the field . . ." Anyone can finish that quotation just as anyone can finish, "See a pin, pick it up . . ." Only, of course, one usually practices the latter.

Thus the question rears itself against your future. Shall the goal be the struggle for a livelihood and security or the perfection of a life work that calls upon all the individuality with which you may be endowed for the task? Choose security if you will. Bank books inscribed with five-figure balances and more became mere scraps of paper in 1929. Property-poor is a term born in our own day. Floods have been felt in fairly high sea levels this year. Let skyscrapers rise swift and straight, quakes have been felt in very unexpected places recently. Birth control is rampant, but God has sent quintuplets. Why are we so slow to read in all this that an angried God is making His power felt in a self-centered world? We are burying our talents and their shroud is the almighty dollar.

FRANCES MCGUIRE, '29.

² Psalm lxxxi. 6.

Blue

I once read
That in creation's color scheme
Blue holds the smallest place.
The things it courts are small forget-me-nots
And violets sweet and fair;
The Iris of the human eye, small forms of butterflies,
The bluebird's back.
But all these things are beautiful and rare;
Fragments of sky dropped earthward unaware.

Claire O'Neil, '39.

Eyes Like Yours

Eyes like yours evoke the truth;
I cannot turn away.
They're purer than the sky in spring
At break of day.

Grant that the years will leave them so
And not make dull with strife
The eyes that now so trustingly
Look out toward life!

Yes, God was good to give me thee;
Your soul is in your eyes.
And that will hold me fast and true
When all else dies.

Margaret Masterson, '38.



Catherine Murray, '38.

There Is Such Beauty

There is such beauty in a thing that's pure:
the spring's clear skies,—
the morning rosebud, wet with dew,—
the lovely innocence in childhood eyes,—
the memory of a slender birch
striving for heights
which baseness cannot reach.

Margaret Masterson, '38.

A Good Location

The only passenger that the *Ripple* had discharged stood disconsolately on the lonely pier and watched the sturdy little launch as it moved through the waves toward the distant mainland. A sharp wind whistled around the island, ruffling the tall, wild grass that grew abundantly. On the far end of the island a large house stood stark and white against the dreary sky. Near the dock were clustered the remaining houses of the island.

Bruce Strong looked at the place on which he had chosen to live for three months. It would be pleasant in summer, he thought, with sailboats dotting the water and the houses filled with summer visitors, but in the fall—

Whistling dolefully, Strong picked up his suitcase and started down the path which led past the closed general store to a small group of houses. The green one was his. He could hardly fail to recognize it with the agent's snapshot in his pocket.

The house was comfortable enough. He reminded himself that he had come to write a book, not to live in luxury. He emptied his suitcase and was about to unpack the food supplies, which the agent had brought over the preceding week, when he was interrupted by a knock on the door.

A girl, whom he judged to be about sixteen, confronted him. She wore a cotton dress and a heavy red sweater.

"My Ma thought you'd like us to deliver milk to you. You're Mr. Strong, the author, ain't you?" she added shyly.

Even a young man who had received such acclaim as Bruce had for his first novel was not proof against this evidence of his fame. He was flattered. He had intended to write in solitude and he never drank milk, but she looked like a friendly little thing.

"I thought nobody lived on the island at this time of the year. Do you keep the store?"

The child hesitated. "Yes, but only in summer. I'm Emmeline McGullicuddy," she added quickly.

"Are you the only ones on the island besides me?" he persisted.

"Well, there's them movin' picture people—"

"Moving picture people! Here?"

"Oh, they've been here a week. We was real excited but they just set around."

"Well, I hope they don't disturb me." Bruce was rather annoyed. "By the way, where do they live? In that big white house?"

"Yes." Oddly enough, the child seemed reluctant to discuss the company.

"But where do you live?" He couldn't help being interested. Em-

meline was extraordinarily pretty or would be if she had decent clothes. She was almost too fine for the child of country storekeepers.

"Oh, they hired us to keep house for 'em. Ma and Pa and Rosebud and Josh and me and Aunt Allie. They're secret-like and don't want visitors."

After this burst of confidence Emmeline seemed to feel it was time to go. Strong watched her departure regretfully. He returned to his unpacking more cheerfully. His self-imposed exile might not be so lonely after all. Town distractions interfered with his work, but Emmeline would be a diversion. He hoped the whole McGullicuddy family would come.

Bruce was not disappointed. Young Josh, of course, delivered the milk every morning. But Emmeline came often. On the following Sunday the entire McGullicuddy family came to call. Emmeline whispered that these were their "Sunday go to meetin'" clothes. Pa, looking choked in a starched high collar, was visibly proud of his black and white checked suit. Ma and Aunt Allie were resplendent in gaily colored silk.

Strong sat like an alert terrier as his guests drank tea. His retentive memory stored away Aunt Allie's exaggeratedly crooked finger as she held her tea cup, Ma's "Heavens to Betsy," and Pa's countrified attire which was typical even down to the white socks that peeped out between his shoe tops and the bottom of his trousers.

Bruce had put Emmeline in his novel and her family promised to be a priceless addition. What was Ma saying?

"Do ya live in New York, Mr. Strong?"

"In the winter. Have you been there?"

Aunt Allie broke in with "Not for ages. The last time was when '*Anything Goes*' opened."

Strong stared at her.

Ma, flustered, explained. "You mustn't mind Allie. She saves her chicken money and buys all them swell magazines from the city. Josh gits 'em for her when he goes to the mainland. She pays fifty cents apiece for 'em, too. She pretends she's like city folks."

Aunt Allie smiled sweetly. Probably she's a little childish, Bruce decided.

Pa broke the silence.

"Time to be gittin' home," he said. He peered at his wrist, glanced up and quickly thrust his hand into his vest. The big watch he pulled out said five o'clock.

"Go to be up early tomorrow for that scene," he continued.

"Do you help in the picture-making, Mr. McGullicuddy?" asked Bruce.

"Do we help? Why—" Aunt Allie subsisted as Ma rose.

"Heavens to Betsy, Allie, can't you ever be still? Just 'cause they took a picture of you feeding those chickens of yourn you think you're a star."

Aunt Allie looked very much subdued as she followed the family down the path. Bruce watched them go. When they turned the bend in the path he went upstairs and started to write. If he had any scruples he banished them with the thought that the McGullicuddys would be overjoyed to be in a book. Of course, he'd never tell them.

That night Strong went to bed contentedly. He'd been on the island only a week and he had written a chapter and a half. He would be seeing the McGullicuddy clan again. He grinned in the darkness.

A loud knock at the door interrupted these reflections. Emmeline stood on the step.

"It's Ma," she panted. "She and Pa and Josh took the boat to Mill Haven to get something for the movie people."

"There's a duck boat in the cellar and a paddle. I'll be down in a minute when I get some clothes."

Curiously, his attitude toward the McGullicuddys had changed. He was no longer the scientist, dissecting them for his trade. He was their friend. There was no time for these thoughts, however. He ran downstairs to help Emmeline with the boat.

The water was rough and cold as he waded out to launch the boat. A pale moon peeped fitfully from behind the clouds.

Bruce waved good-bye to Emmeline who had become very quiet. He pointed the boat in the direction of Mill Haven. The waves were choppy. After a half hour's paddling, his arms were stiff with cold and fatigue. He hoped that he was going in the right direction.

The night wore on. Working automatically, he knew he couldn't keep it up very much longer. Trying to rouse himself, he dug the paddle in deeply. It struck bottom.

Joyfully he disembarked and walked up on the beach. Even in the darkness the place was familiar. Suspicion grew to certainty. He was back on the island!

At that moment a man's voice came clearly to his ears.

"I tell you we've got to do something. He may be drowned."

Bruce walked towards a sand dune from which smoke was rising. He could see people grouped around the fire. The speaker was a small, well-dressed man. The rest of the group was composed of the McGullicuddys, including Ma and Pa and young Josh.

Strong stepped into the firelight. Emmeline gave a little scream.

"Mr. Strong, I presume," said the stranger. "Glad you got back safely. I'm Mark Pilsen. This is my company."

Bruce recognized the name. Mark Pilsen was a director for the Micro Studios.

"But Ma and Emmeline—" he began.

"There are no Ma and Emmeline," said Mr. Pilsen. "We came to the island to film a sea story. When we got on location the ship didn't come. I left to see about it. When Emmeline, or Helen Evans, heard

The Same Old Story

Algy in a suit of Norfolk
 On the bench serenely sat;
 At the other end was Nellie
 In a charming picture hat.
 But between, to mar their bliss,
 Sat the

Chaperon

Like

This.

Algy was a brainy fellow;
 Nellie also had her share.
 But he wore a look of anguish,
 She a most funereal air,
 Worried chappie! Anxious miss!
 With a

Chaperon

Like

This.

Chaperon was fat and forty;
 More than forty was the heat.
 Chaperon so sweetly dozing
 Made their happiness complete.
 They in one long clinging kiss
 Fooled the
 Chaperon Like This.
Anonymous, '39.



Catherine Murray, '38.

Poem Written for An Editor

I have mused for many hours,
 And I came to the conclusion
 That in Hiawatha's metre,
 In this dull and endless metre,
 You should have a poem written,
 As the star of Cambridge wrote.
 True, it may not be befitting
 Daughter of the Emerald Isle.
 But old Wadsworth made much money,
 Made a heap and hoard of money,
 Writing in this awkward beat.
 But this verse should have a point,
 Like the arrows Hiawatha
 Doubtless carried in his quiver,
 In his trembling, quivering quiver,
 So without much more delaying
 (Thus 'tis written in all epics)
 I must quick conclude my verses,
 These, my all unworthy verses,
 Fearing that perchance they bore you,
 Make you sleepy and thus bore you
 As the verse of Hiawatha
 Makes the reader yawn and slumber.
 (Hast, maid, read thy Hiawatha?
 If thou hast not, never do!
 This is bad enough, but Longf'low,
 He the mighty, prolix Longf'low,
 Is a thousand times more tiring
 For his poem is a thousand
 Times as long as this, my effort—
 This, my virgin little effort.)

Marjorie McKeough, '37.

Fall Reminiscences

The boy ran along the curb, shuffling one foot through the leaves in the gutter. Brown and crisp, these leaves had accumulated all along the edge of the road, and they made crackling noises as he kicked them into the air. Under his arm he carried a few books. As I watched the face of this young boy hurrying to school, I recalled similar scenes of my childhood days.

When fall came, in grammar school days, my friends and I donned rubber boots and waded in a near-by stream, guiding the leaves about the surface of the water. History class had provided us with the necessary stimulus for our imaginations; this stream was a big river, the Mississippi, in fact, and we were Indians, explorers, and missionaries: Minnehaha, Pocahontas, De Soto, Joliet, and Marquette.

Unfortunately, the vivid imaginings of our childhood days faded as we began to watch the practical, sensible actions of our elders. Suddenly we found ourselves "too big" for tramping about in boots; we no longer felt the appeal of taking Indian names. Yet fall had come again, and we had to express our reactions. We turned to study fall itself. We discovered that leaves have lovely colorings, that the black, bare branches of a tree are vivid against a pale blue sky, that the wind has a peculiar force that makes cheeks very pink. The beauty of fall we had heard our elders speak of was apparent. Yet we wondered if they really saw and felt it. If they did, we felt they would not have turned it into platitudes and bandied it about unthinkingly.

However, there came one autumn whose approach did not penetrate our consciousness; we found ourselves engrossed in other things. At home we discussed with the family the long-hoped-for new fur coat and how soon it would be cold enough to wear it. Not many girls of our age had fur coats and we could picture with satisfaction the admiring glances of our classmates. We began to take a distinct pride in our clothes, and in shopping for them. The Saturday football games and school dances afforded us the chance of displaying our new-found taste in clothes. Such considerations left us no time for those leisurely walks of former years during which we had grown to love fall for its inherent beauty.

But now the little stream has dried up, many of our loved trees have been chopped down to make room for the foundations of houses, the fur coats have long been worn out. We are in college. Fall brings us thoughts, now, not games nor clothes. It hardly seems credible to us that we have been through twelve years of school, that we no longer "play," nor merely "exist" from one dance to another. No longer are we one of a group or class; we are conscious of our individuality. Our parents have fewer objections now when we propose new plans. Even our aunts and uncles who have looked on us as children unconsciously recognize our individuality when they comment on our traits of character.

Despite our dislike of the triteness of commencement day speeches, we realize that we are beginning life. In college, at home, perhaps at work, we have taken up responsibilities, not many, perhaps, but we feel them when we watch younger people, as I watched that boy shuffling through the leaves. We see young children playing and older children going to school, and we think, amazed, that we are older than they. But then we see an old man toddling along with a cane, and the feeling of energetic youth comes to us. We are young, and we are glad. When we make mistakes in our decisions or actions, our elders excuse us because we are young. They say this in a tone that implies that youth is to be pitied. They expect us to resent being young. But we do not. The future that holds our maturity rather awes us and we turn from thinking about it to considering only the next few years and making plans for these. The amount of responsibility we have taken upon ourselves is just enough to make us feel our individuality, but not enough to hamper our freedom and the enthusiasm of youth we thrive on.

These thoughts came to me as the boy turned the corner, examining carefully a leaf he had picked up. Would I change places with him? Yes, if I could run through leaves all the time. But he, too, will pass that age and grow to mine. If I did that twice I might know a little too much to enjoy the youth that is mine now. No, he goes to grammar school, and I to college. I turned and walked on.

ANGELINE LEIBINGER, '38.

Ambition

I envy not the pomp and power,
The fame of right and wrong;
For me the quiet twilight hour,
The robin's morning song.

I would not write the pompous 'ode,
The hollow panegyric;
Enough that from my heart has flowed
The simple, honest lyric.

Marjorie McKeough, '37.



Marie Gough, '39.

Broken Wing

Blood like rust on a frozen beak,
And a wing that quivered so;
And a glazing eye that caught the bleak
Cold grey of the coming snow.

Cold, so cold for a wounded wing
And a bird that could not fly.
And a mad wind froze and left its sting,
Leaving him there to die.

Earth was rust with the blood of him,
And a hush was on the air,
And the evening star just pierced the dim
When I found him lying there.

Jane Tiernan, '39.

Reflections on Sophistication

The latest trend in personality is a something called sophistication. Exactly what this sophistication may be no one is able to say. Even super-humans who are able to fold a road map successfully on the very first attempt and who understand income tax blanks, time-tables, and the writings of Gertrude Stein, have been bewildered when asked to define the expression accurately. Suffice it to say that this recent and most persistent campaign of sophistication for all consists in the main in being aloof and carrying about with one an air of mystery and a slightly-bored-with-everything expression.

Whence came this sophistication? Most certainly it is not a throw-back to the days of Elsie Dismore in which the object of all females was matrimony and in which nothing could be more awful than to be the unhappy maiden who was often a bridesmaid but never a bride. In those days of our grandmothers feminine allure was limited to a dimple or two, an apple-blossom tinted blush on the proper occasion, and the knowledge of how and when to faint gracefully. Presenting oneself as Woman, the Enigma, was not yet one of the feminine bag of tricks. Nor does this tendency spring from our immediate post-war days. The woman then was characterized as the flapper. She wore her skirts above her knees and her stockings below. To revert to face-crimsoning blushes or languid swoonings was unheard of. The flapper's allure was based on her "palship" and her feelings of equality with the opposite sex. There was at best nothing mysterious about her. She gave away her secrets as light-heartedly as a Congressman votes away government money.

Surely, then, sophistication must have come from our own age, and it has. We have grown up with it. Ever since our childhood we have sat in darkened theaters and have watched the heralds of this present-day movement slink across the screen. Is it any wonder we have become what we are? Sophistication has grown step by step with us until now everyone must walk, talk and act with the dignity and cold calm of a queen; carry out the air of mystery with a newly acquired ability to smile a trifle tolerantly; and practice the art of casting weary glances from the corners of one's eyes. To depend upon a sudden loss of consciousness is passé and to boast of one's equal footing with the males in all things has had its day. Sophistication is now à la mode. Just what our next inclination will be no one can say. Woman herself has no idea and few men have ever been able to find their way around the feminine mind. So the question is quite unanswerable. Sophistication now runs rampant and to be otherwise than sophisticated is to be very definitely out of the running.

HELEN YOUNG, '39.

Witching Hours

When Shakespeare, in one of his loveliest sonnets, asked of his love, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" he measured by a typically English standard, a comparison with a time that is bright and warm and far removed from the mysterious and occult. Now a Celt engaged in writing a sonnet would likely have given more consideration to twilight-time. Something in this hour that hangs between day and night, having a part in both, yet being neither, sets romantic Celtic blood astir. There is even a stock literary phrase hiding inexpressible things under the short cloak of "Celtic Twilight."

Those who live in tropic countries, where the day retreats in haste before the threatening night, never know the transient beauty of twilight that appeals so strongly to other races. The charm of this hour is akin to the indefinable element found in children and in all growing things, a quality of becoming, a tantalizing, fleeting thing that leaves in its traces an awareness that change is going on before one's eyes. That same fluidity belongs by right to daybreak, too, but where the coming of daylight is a challenge to act and live, its going is the signal for action to slacken and give way to dreaming.

There is an indolent spirit about a summer night for which twilight plays the overture. No one can quite completely destroy the isolation of spirit that steals on one who watches night fall over the quiet waters of a bay. With pleasant little lapping noises they lick at the wet rocks of a jetty or break in tiny swirls of foam on the hard sand. Off to one side, boats glide peacefully up and down a canal, past the flickering white light at its end, their shapes indistinct in the graying air. Warm winds from the South sweep through a few stunted trees, breathing romance and mystery, heavy with strange scents and languid musics. The sense of wonder increases with the deepening blue of the atmosphere and the appearance of bright clusters of stars, Cassiopeia's chair, Orion and the Bull, the Great Bear and the vague Pleiades. Summer stars rarely appear singly, but blaze out almost simultaneously, jealous of the time lost in twilight. No one thinks of a summer night or a summer day or even a summer twilight as any other than young and romantic.

Winter twilight possesses the same transient quality, but it is as far removed from summer twilight in spirit as the two are distant in season. Its full flavor can be tasted only out in the open-air, for in its serene austerity it has no part with warm humanity and softly lighted rooms. The same seashore which added immeasurable beauty to summer twilight might be in the wintertime nothing but a waste of icy water and a desolation of wet, sticky sand. Winter twilight cries for a place where there are trees and hills to stand darkly against a sky whose ruddy glow has given way to a pale, aquamarine light that scorns soft-penciled outlines. Like the fresh, crystalline atmosphere, it makes no compromise with

vagueness or indecision, but insists on truth and clear vision. Summer twilight may be the dreamer's property, but winter twilight belongs to the philosopher who finds in it a clarity which he can only hope to reach. Only the spark of a single star is needed to make the picture complete. One star is enough when it gleams suddenly over the dark brush of a hill, enough to make one feel like the Magi, holding promise of eternity, of light amid darkness and haven after storm. Imagination may translate the whole vision into a symbol of age, the time when youth is gone and there is freedom to acquire the serenity and clear-sightedness that should come after much living. Watching a winter's day fade to a winter's night, one might wish to be old.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT, '37.

Philosophy

What is heaven?
What you think it—
Sunset on a summer cloud,
The touch of rain,
A sail,
A star,
A symphony,
Or what your dreamings are.

Where is heaven?
Where you think it—
Above,
Below,
Beside you,
In the shrouds
Of wind,
In the sweat
Of zealous toil,
In snow, perhaps,
Or even in the whisper
At your ear.

And is this heaven small
Or large?
What care?
So long you know the place
And know your heart is there,
What care?
For where your fancy flies
There it lies,
And what your fancy gives
Of glory to your images,
This, it is.

Maureen Riordan, '39.

Chesterton

"G. K." is one of those writers who excites enthusiastic admiration, or equally enthusiastic dislike. We simply cannot ignore him or be indifferent to him. We either dote on him or we detest him. There is no middle path. He is like a huge caricature in the Dickensian manner,—genial, humorous, and incisively keen. His laughter is hearty and wholesome, and even when it mocks, friendly. He combines an almost Barriesque whimsy with something of the broad, full-bodied humor that is Dickens', and the result is entirely his own—that unique Chestertonian quality that expresses itself in paradoxes, antitheses that bubble into sparkling witticisms.

Discussing the puritanical denouncement of drinking in "On Condiments and Conduct" from the collection *All Is Quiet*, Chesterton says that it would be as sensible for them to rail against salt, pepper, and other seasonings. "In a hundred ways we should be assured of the corrupting and degrading character of these condiments; and terrible stories would be told of ruined families weltering in anchovy sauce as if in gore, or darker stories of that darker drug, the sauce that bears the name of Worcester."

In the same collection Chesterton has a great many interesting things to say "On Sightseeing." He finds it on the whole a rather appalling practice, and says so in no uncertain terms. "There are, of course, vulgar and repulsive sightseers. There are, for that matter, vulgar and repulsive statues. But this cannot be a complete excuse for my own lamentable coldness; for I have felt it creeping over me in the presence of the most earnest and refined sightseers, engaged in inspecting the most classical and correct statues. Indeed (if I must make the disgraceful confession in the interests of intellectual discovery), I will own that I have felt this mysterious wave of weariness pass over me rather more often when the elegant and distinguished Archdeacon was explaining the tombs to the Guild of Golden Thoughts, than when an ordinary, shouting showman was showing them to a jolly rabble of trippers with beer bottles and concertinas. I am very much troubled with this unnatural insensibility of mind; and I have made many attempts, none of them quite successful, to trace my mental malady to its origin."

"G. K.'s" sense of humor never fails him. In his most serious moments there is always a sparkle of wit, a small half-suppressed chuckle. He, himself, has said somewhere that you can't be serious for three hundred years. But there is more to the man Chesterton than a mere sense of humor. He is a deep and clear thinker, and, for all his outspokenness, he has the subtlety of a fox. His jovial humor is merely a cloak behind which we discover a startling truth, a logical argument, unanswerable good sense. His paradoxes are used in this fashion to an even greater extent. But perhaps it would be more apt to liken them to panes of transparent glass through which the truth he is demonstrating stands out

clear and well-defined. There is an excellent example of this use of the paradox in the essay, *On No Longer Being Very Young*, in which "G. K." points out the growing realization of the truth in proverbs which comes to us as we grow older. "The thing was a dead maxim when we were alive with youth. It becomes a living maxim when we are nearer to death. Even as we are dying, the whole world is coming to life."

It is fairly obvious, then, that the famed Chestertonian paradox (in which he attained a perfection that earned him the title "prince of paradox") is not an end in itself, but merely a means to an end. Surely we cannot blame Chesterton for startling us into the realization of truth, when a plain statement of fact might leave us completely indifferent. We make no objections to having our gifts wrapped in attractive packages. We do not criticize an artist for painting his picture against a background that will bring out its beauty and color. Why, then, should we object when Chesterton highlights his arguments with a paradox? Certainly the brightness and readability of the style in no way invalidates the truth of these arguments! Critics like Dixon Scott, who accuses Chesterton of being too big for his books, have never delved beneath the surface of his mind, or they could not label him flippant and light-minded. "G. K." has made his own defense far more ably than anyone else could possibly do in *Orthodoxy* where he says, "Dullness will, however, free me from the charge which I most lament; the charge of being flippant. Mere light sophistry is the thing that I happen to despise most of all things—I know nothing so contemptible as a mere paradox; a mere ingenious defense of the indefensible—I never in my life said anything merely because I thought it funny."

It is universally conceded that Chesterton was a brilliant controversialist. And after his conversion to the Catholic Faith in 1922 he dedicated the argumentative and logical powers of his great mind to expounding and furthering the cause of Catholicism. In such books as *Catholic Essays*, *The Resurrection of Rome*, and *Thomas Aquinas*, and in numerous magazine and newspaper articles, he defends the Catholic point of view. Even before his conversion, however, he displayed definite leanings toward Rome; many of his earlier books are colored by Catholic philosophy. In *Orthodoxy*, for instance, he likens himself to a man who discovered England under the firm conviction that he had found a new island in the South Seas; he fancied that he had evolved a new philosophy, but instead he found himself "in the ridiculous position of being backed up by all Christendom." Again in *Heretics*, written many years before his conversion, he says, "A young man may keep himself from vice by continually thinking of disease. He may keep himself from it also by continually thinking of the Virgin Mary. There may be a question about which is the more efficient. But surely there can be no question about which is the more wholesome"—a distinctly Catholic point of view.

It is difficult in a brief paper of this kind to give an adequate picture

Editorials

Catholic literary endeavor today embraces a body of writing unique of its kind. There is no field—be it fiction or philosophy, history or poetry, criticism or drama—in which we are not represented. Why, then, in the face of this vast output, do Catholics display so little interest in the work of those of their own faith?

We believe that a partial answer may be found in the ignorance of the vast majority of our people in respect to Catholic literary activity. They have no conception of the strength and beauty to be found in Catholic literature; they feel that it is represented by the Kathleen Norris school. To them Catholic fiction is saccharine and sentimental; Catholic philosophy, outdated; Catholic poetry, narrow. They have no acquaintance with Sigrid Undset or Jacques Maritain or Francis Thompson to take but one representative for each field. What is our answer to them, and to you, if you belong to their group?

Get acquainted with Catholic literature. In each issue of *LORIA*, we will print a short essay on some eminent Catholic writer. These essays will not be comprehensive or critical. Rather, they will contain a passing glance at the author's life and a few notes on his most important and enduring works. Their purpose will be to stimulate in you an interest in Catholic literature as a body, and in the particular author treated. We realize that in the course of a year only three, or at most four, authors can be discussed. However, if you become interested in them, you will need no further encouragement to become a devotee of Catholic writing.

In this issue the series begins with G. K. Chesterton, our essayist, historian, and "vessel of pure poetic fire."

Very essential parts of our religious life are the various devotions conducted by the Religion Committee.

But no amount of prayers is of much avail if the practical aspects of religion are not incorporated into each individual's life. Therefore, we want to explain the new system of conducting the "Evenings with Christ" programs, which provide a very practical application of religion to life.

In place of the hour of formal lecture, the priests of the faculty now hold a forum upon some previously selected, pertinent subject. Each of the priests in turn gives his views before the assembly. Then, after a short recess, they discuss one another's ideas and the practical phases of the problem, emphasizing the positive nature of religion. The audience is given an opportunity to propose questions or proffer opinions. The time allotted for the forum ends too quickly to exhaust the possibilities of the subject. The schedule throughout the year will include timely and important subjects. It is expected that the most salient points of each will be represented and debated at the forum.

The Religion Committee feels that undergraduate attendance in the past has been far too scanty. The many demands made upon your time are fully appreciated; but the Committee asks you to set aside this one evening a month, the First Friday, not for them, but truly for Christ. They are confident you will be amply repaid for your sacrifice of time, through the satisfactory solutions of many of your personal perplexities about affairs of religious and practical importance.

In February, 1935, the student body of St. Joseph's College accepted

a large responsibility and a great privilege when we unanimously voted in favor of the Student Administration of Examinations. We assumed these responsibilities after due consideration. "Ambitioning a mightier womanhood, conscious of the difficulties of its attainment . . . convinced that only honor is honorable," we ratified the constitution.

It is understood, of course, that under this system we will not participate in giving or receiving fraudulent assistance during examinations. The largest responsibility, however, lies in resolution three of the constitution: "That we shall request all offenders to report themselves to the Committee and upon their failure to do so will report directly to the Committee." In the final analysis, this system has two definite advantages. It provides an ethical training which is as indestructible as it is invaluable, and it provides for the taking of examinations under the most convenient and pleasant of circumstances.

The Committee feels that the students in the past have shown themselves to be "imbued with the high courage begotten of its ideals." They urge us to continue the fine work we have so far accomplished.

* * *

In the years immediately following the tragedy of the Great War it was the habit of the more altruistic statesmen to seek to inculcate in the minds and hearts of their people a feeling of tolerance, in the hopes of laying the ghost of international jealousy and hatred. As witness of this attempt, we have seen the rise of the League of Nations.

Since the Great War, in order to maintain peace among nations, the

doctrines of tolerance and forbearance have been preached across continents. As might have been expected, with the demand for political tolerance came an equally strong demand for ethical and moral toleration. It is small wonder that the Church, standing pat in her attitude of absolute dogmatic intolerance, should come under direct fire. Her attitude on two of the most important questions of the times, divorce and birth control, were attacked with violence. At this point the evils of the doctrine of toleration began to show themselves. Many Catholics, more than we would care to consider, whose religious education was negligible, saw no reason to hold out against the advance of "progress" and embraced these new and "tolerant" ideas. Indeed, they congratulated themselves on an advance over an old and "outmoded" Church doctrine. Slowly the evil has spread until instead of a staunch, uncompromising Christianity, we find Christian people looking tolerantly at things that are capable of destroying something as precious to them as their liberty of conscience. A mind so zealous in its desire to be open and unbiased that it discards all the old criteria by which it formerly judged things, is excellent breeding ground for the doctrines of Communism. It is our belief that the great advance of Communism of late years can be traced directly to this dangerous tolerance, this wish to seem progressive that has possessed the minds of so many people. In place of this perilous open-mindedness on any and all subjects, we suggest a united effort on the part of Christian peoples to return to an uncompromising Christianity.

Town Topics

Who says intelligent people are not influenced by the movies? Have you heard that *Girls' Dormitory* and *Three Cheers for Love* have brought about the formation of a fencing club? Or if it wasn't the pictures, what was it? Of course, there is always the possibility that intelligent people are *not* influenced by the movies. But what does that make us? All right, skip it. . . .

What's the matter with the present crop of Freshmen? They most certainly are not up to the usual standard of dumbness required of them for mention in this illustrious column. We snoop, we listen, we tag on their heels, but we can only find two items for our bright sayings department.

Item 1. Freshman to Junior: "Where's Goetz's? I'm awfully sick of eating at Frey's."

Item 2. (This one, by the way, is also material for the personal confessions department.) One youngster was admitting in a tone of self-reproach that she read the *News*. Not to be outdone, a second Frosh confessed that she sim-pully adored Walter Winchell in the *Mirror*. "Ah," remarked a blasé Freshman, "from bad to Hearst." Well, the pun's all right, even though brother swears he heard it before.

But we did find *one* typical Freshman. Her Junior sister, glowing with benevolence, escorted her to Radio City Music Hall—the youngster had never been there before. *That*, as Fanny Burney would have it, marks a young lady's entrance into the world.

And now riddle me this: Why does the History department lend itself so easily to *bon-mots*? Even a scholarship girl gives some rather illuminating answers. When the professor asked what could be learned from a prehistoric skull, the student seriously replied, "Well, somebody died." The Juniors might well doubt the "objective reality" of this fact after messing around in philosophy these many weeks.

A still more profound truth emanated from the same department when one broad-minded lass described marriage as a *monotonous* institution! (Is she so easily bored?)

This from the bag (!) of another history prof; one of his students introduced him to Machiavelli under the pseudonym "McYavelly"! Sure, an' why not? It's the Irish in us.

And from our Sports Department:

Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Sorry, no puns. That was just the baseball fans letting their friends know that the Yanks won the series—or didn't you know about it? It's a very simple form of cahoots. If one poor fan has class while the scores are being broadcasted, her friends march up to her door a la Paul Revere:

"One for the Yanks,
Two for Terre-e-e,
And I with my ear to the door will be."

Progress is progress, we always say. But getting a doctor specifically for our feet is just a little bit too progressive. That's the opinion voiced by many of the students when they saw the term "Pediatrixian" listed in the catalog. Maybe we'd all better consult our Webster's. Does that remind you of the girl whose mother resented the idea that she must bring two dollars to have her footprints taken?

And now, enter the profs:

A laugh was provided early in the term when one Junior cheerily responded "Hello!" in answer to the roll call in a psych class. The professor merely remarked that it was just a case of "wrong mental set."

Talk about candor—another prof frankly admitted that he spent part of his vacation at a home for idiots, imbeciles and morons. When the class appreciated the idea, he came back with the retort perfect: "Sa-a-y, I think you're nasty."

A pat on the back, girls! One of our profs was asked by an outsider whether he preferred teaching in college or high school. He said he preferred college. When asked why, he explained that his pupils are all girls—and all good-looking!

We wanted a twist on this angle about the cat in the library, but a conservative Senior advised, "Don't give it a twist—you have too many twists in the thing already." So that let's us out with a simple statement of fact: there's been a pesky cat in the library lately.

But we're not entirely out yet. First we must file our plea for more and better typewriting. When we look at the collection of notices all in different handwritings, and everyone displaying the individuality and illegibility that proclaims the presence of a genius, we feel discouraged. Yet we feel it our duty to read the bulletin boards, if only to set a good example to the little Freshmen. So we are on the horns of a dilemma.

From the horns of our lovely little dilemma, we send you our parting words of advice. Although the attendance at the Fall Dance would seem to prove that the "man, money, and mantle" problem was nicely solved, don't get too smug, my cherubs. The Junior Prom is coming!!!!



Angelina Astarita, '38.

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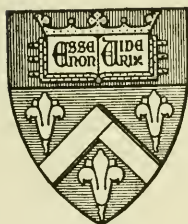


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Marjorie Parker, '37.

Red Ribbon

He's been hanging around the corner a half hour already. If he don't hurry up Meyer will be over. Anybody can see what this guy wants. What's keeping him anyway? A snappy dresser—not so bad—looks like a guy with a fast line. Well, I can take it. Working in a five-and-dime on Christmas Eve is no picnic. Anything that turns up will be welcome tonight. No more furnished room parties all by my lonesome for me. It don't get you any place. Gee, I wish this one would make up her mind. Come on—green or red—what's the difference? They're both for Christmas, aren't they? Twenty minutes to five. Thank God we close at six tonight. That nine o'clock stuff had me run ragged.

"Well, personally madam, I think the red's more cheerful—but it's all a matter of taste, you know. Some like the red and some like the green."

What a mob. No end to the red ribbon. Weeks of it, two yards for five cents, three for ten, a nickel a yard. And one cent for the tax.

"You decided on the red, madam?—How much?—That'll be ten cents. Who is next, please?"

What does that guy think I am anyway. Been looking me over long enough. He ought to make up his mind pretty soon. Whatta nerve. I'd like to tell him where he gets off. Yeah,—but even that guy is better than nothing tonight. Christmas Eve always reminds me—oh, what's the good of thinking. Gosh, I'm glad I'm behind the counter. That mob has been pushing in front of me for over a month now. Hot dogs, ice cream sandwiches, pretzels, candy kisses, they never get finished eating.

"What is it you want, madam?—No, the inch is the widest. I'm sorry."

"Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright."

That phonograph kind of gives you something to fix your mind on. I remember when we were kids—

"You'll find that at the gift wrappings, madam, we only have ribbon here."

Why doesn't she shut that kid up over there. Been bawling a blue streak for ten minutes. This is no place for babies anyway.

"I can't say without seeing the size of the package. You think two yards is enough? O. K. Ten cents, please."

That guy is still hanging around. Rosa over at Seventeen is giving me the high sign. She caught on. Meyer will be over in a minute. Well, I can't help it. I didn't ask the guy in. Should've told Rosa I'd go home with her tonight when she asked me. There would be plenty of excitement anyway. Her family sure can make anything seem like a big time.

Here he comes; he's coming right towards me. If Meyer sees me I'll get fired. Hope he asks for ribbon. I don't like the look on his face. Too sure of himself. He knows the answer already. What's the difference? I want something to do tonight, don't I?

"Been watching me, you say? I know that, nearly got me into trouble. Tonight? I think I can make it. Say about eight, in front of the drug store at the corner of Douglas and Broadway? O. K. I'll be seeing you. Sure, I'll look my prettiest, don't you worry. Say, by the way, what's your name? Chick Marcus? Mine's Jenny McCabe."

Thank God he's gone before Meyer says anything.

"What'll you have, madam? Six yards of silver? The five or ten a yard? That's thirty cents. Thirty-one with the tax."

I got a date. I got a date. I got a date. Yeah, and what a date. Mama used to call that kind spielers. You got to take what you can get, though.

"Why, no, Mr. Meyer, he asked me about some ribbon, but we didn't have what he wanted."

Knew that old pest had his eye on us; good thing he wasn't near enough to hear what Chick said. Chick, Chick,—that's no name for a man, Mama said. One of the fellows in the gang was named Chick. Don't think of that. Don't think of it. Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel—funny thing, I always used to think they were singing. "Oh, well! Oh, well!"—what a nut! Gee, it's fun to have something to do tonight. Kinda makes me feel Christmasy. I'll wear the blue silk. Gotta get home early. Take a bath. Shine shoes. Put up hair. Gee, I'll have to rush. Eight o'clock! Why, yes, madam, you could have two yards of green. As far as I'm concerned, madam, you could have two thousand yards of green. Indeed you could, madam. I'm getting silly.

"Two yards of green. Ten cents. Thank you."

I'll wear the high-heeled shoes. Bet we go some place fancy. Hope it's a Chink's where we can dance. Dine and dance. Tom used to love that. Little Tommy. Mama used to tell me to be sure and not let go of his hand at the street crossings. It's Christmas Eve and Tommy's in—oh, why think of that? You're going out tonight just so you won't think, aren't you? Keep your mind on something else. Look at something—that woman. She's fat. She's dyed her hair mahogany color. She's got on vanishing cream to fill in the wrinkles. There are two runs in her stocking. Her hat is a dollar ninety-eight. She's clawing at beads on the counter. Her nails are like squat red bugs.

Think of something else. Those kids over at the toys. Kids are so innocent. The little one, the little one whose long drawers are lumpy in his stockings—he's cute. He has his eye on something. Gee, it must be grand to really want something like that—something as easy to get as a toy. He's reaching up. I remember when Tommy was only as big as him and I used to mind him. Before Tommy got in with that gang. Before that man was killed—Mr. Moriarity, who was only doing his duty

—watching the vault. Before Mama died. Oh, God! Let me stop this. I'm selling ribbon—ribbon, red, yellow, green, purple, black ribbon.

"It's three yards for ten in the black, madam. How many do you want?"

She wants six yards; she wants six yards. Concentrate on that. She wants six yards. She's going to wear it on her hat. Oh, God! Christmas Eve and you have to think. I'm going out with Chick tonight and I'll get tight—tight as a drum, so I won't remember. No I won't either. It's no good. It don't help. Nothing helps. I got a date. Chick—oily, smirking Chick. Padded shoulders Chick. But I can't stay home. I can't be alone.

"Red ribbon? Yes. That's twenty cents. One cent for the tax. Do you have a penny?"

Those kids are still there. Glad I'm not at that counter. They hang around all day. You'd go nuts. The little fellow has got what he wanted. He has it in his hand. Oh God! Look what it is! A machine gun. Little Tommy—oh God!

EVELYN McCAUSLAND, '37.

A Yuletide Problem

Tommy's got it awfully tough,
The Yuletide spirit cramps his stuff;
'Cause Santa has a habit, they say,
Of forgetting boys on Christmas Day
Who aren't what they oughta be;
So poor little Tommy's up a tree,
And the question is: to be or not to be.

If he decides he will be good,
He'll eat his spinach and chop the wood;
If he decides to have his fling,
He'll do—well, many a thing.
But time is fleeing, he must decide,
And by that grim decision abide,
So the question is: to be or not to be.

O Tommy dear, if you but knew,
You wouldn't be in such a stew;
Annoy the cat or steal the jam,
Go right ahead, my growing man;
Your Christmas gifts in cellophane,
You'll get, my boy, just the same!

Catherine Coffey, '38.



Marie Gough, '39.
Art Club

Buon Natale

Luigi Bacigalupo dropped his street cleaning accoutrements with a gesture of finality, lit an Italian stogy, blew his nose with a multi-colored bandana and with a jovial grin on his mustachioed countenance, made his way toward Mama Bacigalupo and the multitudinous little Bacigalupos.

The Christmas spirit which had been residing for the past few days in Luigi's prosaic frame and the possession of a momentous secret caused him to step livelier, while he energetically puffed on his seemingly undiminishing cigar. Angelo, Mama's brother, was at that moment *en route* to the Bacigalupo home, to be emotionally embraced by the family and then dominated by the Christmas pageantry.

Papa Bacigalupo's habitat, which he now entered, was usually a democratic institution. As he made his way up the dark, narrow steps of the flat his spirits did not weaken but he smiled broadly at the sounds which came from directly above him. High, low, excited, and even angry voices met his ears. Papa shrugged. After all who could be calm at this season? He pushed open the door and the voices which had come to him somewhat subdued before, now burst upon him in their full intensity.

Tonight the diminutive flat was overflowing with aunts, uncles, cousins, smaller fry of relatives, grandparents and last, but not least, Luigi's own grandmother-in-law, who was law to the letter in the Bacigalupo clan.

It was Christmas Eve. The womenfolk congregated in the kitchen to prepare the feast, and the men assembled in the living room to play brisque and drink wine.

Papa Bacigalupo, having removed his insignia of office, Department of Sanitation uniform, hung it in the tiny closet where it hobnobbed with Angelina's new evening gown from Klein's. This burden being laid aside, Papa Bacigalupo cast aside any worries that might have remained in his mind and went to join his friends.

Such an air of festivity, good will and well-being pervaded the atmosphere, Papa Bacigalupo's complexion soon turned a rosy hue. His eyes as well as his hands and tongue bespoke a happiness he could not stem. The smell of the food in preparation, warm, spicy, enticing, filled the house with more excitement. For after all, wasn't that the most important?

At length the hour arrived, time to feast and drink to one's heart's content. The meal began amid much talk. There was an entrée of anchovies, pimentoes, a large variety of olives and garlic, and then the minestrone, and then the main course—the course of the evening: eels

prepared in every conceivable manner—fried, boiled, baked and broiled, eels in olive oil, eels in tomato sauce, eels with spaghetti, and then—just eels.

It is an immemorial Italian custom to serve eels on Christmas Eve. The day preceding Christmas is always a day of abstinence and eels in Italian homes have supplanted the meat course. Mama Bacigalupo had outdone herself in her culinary arts, and Papa's enlivening vintage of Chianti which had accompanied every course served only to increase the flavor of the food.

A crisp salad followed, and then came luscious Italian pastry with demi-tasse. Finally fruit-flavored cordials and almond paste candy in Yuletide forms were served. When everyone from the matriarch to the smallest Bacigalupo was gastronomically satiated, the party arose in a body and attended Midnight Mass.

Thence, home again to a refined all-night revelry, in which food, drink, cards and smoking for the men held a major part in the entertainment. Conversation never lagged and the mothers relaxed their stringent vigilance under the influence of the festive mood of the occasion. This disordered, yet not riotous gathering would not disperse till the dusk of Christmas night called for artificial illumination.

Amid the smoke which rose and disintegrated alternately, the alcoholic fumes and the malodorous spirit of fish, Papa Bacigalupo cast a compassionate glance at the lately arrived bachelor, Angelo.

Unblessed by spouse or offspring, Angelo presented a forlorn figure, indeed. Papa cast a speculative eye about him. None of his eligible nieces or cousins were suitable for Angelo. One was too modern, another too young, and another absolutely innocent of any attractiveness. He sighed disconsolately. Where, amid the sound and fury of New York could he find the proper wife for his brother-in-law?

Now, Mama instinctively knew what mental gyrations Papa was performing. She smiled secretively and wisely, superior in her knowledge that the solution was at hand. She waddled over and settled comfortably next to her husband. Hands clasped under her apron, she divulged the information that Papa's excellent sister, Annunciata, was on her way to America to seek her marital fortune. Since the sagacious grandmother thought that a man like Angelo, or any other man for that matter, needed a wife, and a maiden lady like Annunciata could not drift about New York unchaperoned, without endangering her most prized possession, *i. e.*, her reputation, it was highly desirable that they should be joined in matrimony.

Angelo had been sounded and found agreeable. Pressure could be brought to bear upon Annunciata which would probably render her acquiescent.

Mama ceased her monologue, enlivened by gestures, and smiled complacently. So did Papa, for this was going to be a perfect Natale after all.

Laura Hundley, '39.

Yuletide Customs



*Catherine Constantine, '39.
Art Club*

Gay beribboned holly wreaths; sweet, lilting carols; a lavish turkey dinner; jovial, red-suited Santa Clauses; myriads of greeting cards and gaily-ornamented Christmas trees—all these have become vital parts of our Christmas celebration. To us they are necessities for the splendid festivity of the Yuletide. But they were not always so. Through the ages these customs have come down gradually until, after a very interesting evolution, they emerge as American institutions. Their history is as unique as they are and equally fascinating.

The Yuletide, for example, is a very old feast, far older than most people imagine. Two thousand years before the birth of Christ this feast was celebrated. The Aryans, a sect of European sun worshipers, used to be fascinated by the actions of the sun. Every year they would watch it grow dimmer and dimmer, and fearing it would be conquered by the god of darkness and consigned to the underworld, they became very much concerned. Suddenly, however, they noticed the sun turning around in its path, growing stronger and stronger and finally completely triumphing over its enemy. The people were overjoyed at this, so a great celebration was held and repeated every year when the sun behaved the same way. To the Aryans this was the "Hweolor-tid" or turning back, the birth of the sun. General hilarious rejoicing marked the return of the god of light.

With the birth of Christ occurring as it did at approximately the same date, this feast took on new significance. The God of light was now truly born. It was the Son of God instead of the sun god who came to the people. The holly, which before meant a shelter for fairies, now became a symbol of the ripening of hope, of immortal life. Christ was born to save mankind. Surely this was reason enough to rejoice. The boisterous songs of the pagan gods gave way to the light Christmas carols and the hymns of the Christians. It was a gradual fusion of pagan customs and Christian ideals.

The dinner which we look forward to today with such eagerness had its origin, too, in the old feast of the "Hweolor-tid." From the Aryans and their sumptuous and boisterous banquets it became the ceremonious and dignified Christmas dinner of medieval Britain. Here it was a very essential part of the Yuletide celebration. Nor was the pompous ceremony which has become associated with Great Britain lacking at this

feast. All the family would gather in a large hall where a huge table was set. At a given signal, a band of trumpeters would parade solemnly in announcing the approach of the food. Daintily prepared and carefully roasted, the boar's head then made its appearance, carried on an immense salver by an old man in a royal blue coat. He was followed by a fair lady carrying on a silver platter a sumptuous peacock. Sometimes the peacock was cooked in the form of a pudding, with the head protruding from the crust. More often, however, the bird was skinned, stuffed with herbs and sweet pies, and placed back in its skin. Brilliantly colorful and delightfully odoriferous, it was quietly borne to second place on the table next to the steaming boar.

These feasts of the British were much more lavish than our American Christmas dinner. The turkey has now supplanted the boar's head and the peacock has given way to the less romantic plum pudding. But the spirit is still the same and the dinner is still an essential part of the Yuletide.

Santa Claus, however, did not originate as early as the other customs of the season. It is difficult to trace his exact beginning, but his name seems to be a corruption of that of the German St. Nicholas, who lived in the fourth century. St. Nicholas was a gift-bearing saint who gave presents to all good children. Every year, in old Germany, a man was selected to play the part of the good saint. This man would make the rounds of the village inquiring in all the homes about the conduct of the children. Good boys and girls received presents; bad ones were given birch rods to remind them of their misconduct.

A still newer Christmas convention is the sending of greeting cards. The first time this was done was in 1846 when a man named Sir Henry Cole sent cards to his friends. They took the form of small visiting cards with a design of some kind in one corner, either a holly branch, a sprig of mistletoe, or a flower. Beside this was a short message expressing the compliments of the sender. Joseph Crandal was the printer of these. At first they were hardly noticed. Only one thousand copies were printed the first year. By 1862, however, the custom was generally accepted and even spread into other lands. Now, in 1936, it has created one of the biggest problems of the Post Office Department.

But perhaps the most noted of the Christmas customs is the gaily decorated evergreen tree that graces the living room or sun porch of the millions of American and European homes. The Lutherans claim this as an idea of Martin Luther. However, the origin of this tree itself goes back to the ancient mythological days when the "yggdsosil" tree was used. Luther, however, applied it to Christmas and popularized the custom. In doing this he brought to a climax the festive celebration. To the feast which was essentially Christian was added another pagan custom. Our Christmas comes to us, then, decorated by many conventions, tinted with the beliefs and customs of many people—a royal tribute to the Baby King.

ANN KANE, '38.

Don't Make New Year's Resolutions!

New Year's resolutions are as inevitable as the first of January and barely outlive their birthday. The very warmth of these yearly resolutions seems to melt the hardness of our resolution and to leave us to go through the year without improving ourselves morally or physically.

After all, though, is it really detrimental to us to leave good resolutions behind? Every year, Father, with great ceremony, makes his annual promise to stop smoking or at least (this is his loophole, through which he crawls about January the third), to decrease the amount of cigars he smokes each year. New Year's day he sits glumly in the living room, perversely staring at the cigar box whose contents he has refused to throw out, on the ground that we never know when we'll need them (the only other male in the house being Tom, aged ten). For the duration of his resolution Father will bite his nails. Usually his hands are not presentable until February, long after he has forgotten that he ever considered giving up his cigars.

Perhaps we would tease Father if he were the only one in the family indulging in the pastime of making New Year's resolutions. Tom, in the hero worshiping stage, with Dad as his hero, has announced that he, too, is forsaking tobacco. We can't decide whether this is mere imitation or a real sacrifice. We shrink from the latter conclusion, but we can't be sure. A look from Mother stops me as I am about to ask the young man what branch of the art he specializes in—pipe, cigar or cigarette. Or perhaps he chews.

Mother, with the wisdom and the dash of cynicism resulting from twenty years of bringing up Father, has resolved to stop talking to Father about using ash trays instead of coffee cups and rugs when he smokes. She looks worried because she is wondering about Tom. Her resolution, you see, doesn't start until Father breaks his. She has time to think. Her resolution will last longer than ours, until the first cleaning day, at least. But then she has an advantage; she will start after us. In fact, Father at least has to stop before she begins.

It's very complicated. Perhaps we should be more successful if we lived alone, or made independent resolutions. Mother's hinges on Father's and so does Tom's. (Or does it?)

I thought I'd make my resolution quite independently. I mean to get up an hour earlier every morning. This means Mother has to get up, too, to give me breakfast, and I know everyone is going to complain that the shower wakes him up.

The only bright spot is the fact that the resolutions won't last. How nice it would be to make one and keep it!

But don't try, unless you're a hermit alone in a hut on a desert. Then you can resolve to carry on no conversation for the New Year!

ALICE KENNEDY, '38.

Christmas Always Reminds Me—

I can't for the life of me remember how it all began, but then, perhaps I was too young. That annual ritual at Christmas time of visiting my paternal grandmother was as much a part of my childhood as lollipops, merry-go-rounds and castor oil. I might irreverently add that it came closer to being associated in my mind with the latter than either of the other two pleasanter prospects. Failure to make the expected call brought with it distant rumblings of a family feud, and Dad, valuing peace at any cost, was convinced that discretion was by far the "bitter" part of valor.

For the week preceding the intended expedition, my mother religiously coached my sister and me in the thousand fine points of good breeding in which we were invariably found lacking. I can still see our costumes on one chill Christmas afternoon just twelve years ago. We boasted smart brown coats trimmed with just the right touch of "beaver," small hats of matching brown, luxuriant in the addition of just a little of the same fur, high-buttoned white shoes, ribbed stockings and gay mittens securely fastened together by a cord which ingeniously circled our necks. If it had not been for the fact that I towered fully three inches over my sister and resembled her not in the least, we might have been mistaken for twins. My mother did not go with us—I suppose the strain of preparation and anticipation was just too much for her, so she contented herself with waving us off as we skipped along on either side of my father, that fateful Christmas Day.

The clang of the iron gate, as we climbed the high steps to the somber house sounded the knell to frivolity for the day, for Grandma would tolerate no boisterousness; "Children should be seen and not heard," she would remind us in acid tones. Our two cousins, a boy and girl who lived upstairs in the great house, were also victims of the occasion. After the usual greetings and perfunctory kisses came the ordeal of the dinner and then the long afternoon settled upon us. Movies were unhard of, afternoon walks were dangerous, playing games on the Sabbath, heathenish. It was a sad, sad occasion. Later in the afternoon, Carmie, my cousin, and I, were placed on the kitchen table to decide, for once and for all, which of us was the taller, heavier, or in short, more perfect specimen of healthy childhood. I was at somewhat of a disadvantage, for my one strong admirer, my mother, was not there. My only redeeming features were my fat legs, which even my grudging Aunt was forced to allow me. Today how gladly would I relinquish that claim to supremacy.

With the first glimmer of twilight, my father mumbled something about the long trip home, and all too eagerly we were helped in turn into our multitudinous "trappings" and made our goodbyes. Except for one brief quarrel with our cousins and one shattered curio, we really had not brought shame to the family name.

MARJORIE BURNS, '39.

A Group of Merry Gentlemen

For three hundred and sixty-four days of the year most of us would confess to being realists, but on one day at least, the romantic in us tears loose in a perfect orgy of sentiment, tenderness and general good feeling. Aside from the holier associations, and even bound up with them, the charm of Christmas season is rooted in its traditions, for us, Santa Claus, a glittering tree, holly wreaths and mistletoe, gifts, the Crib, a flickering candle at the window and the exquisite hymns and carols.

Of all the songs ever sung or written I think these are most really gay, beautiful, and altogether enchanting, for in their warm, broad sympathy they revel in human, earthly touches that are transformed for the moment into something immortal. This is so true of the English carols like *God Rest You Merry Gentlemen* or *I Saw Three Ships A-sailing*. Other tongues are heard in the stirring *Adeste Fidelis*, with its insistent summons to come and adore, in the quiet peace of *Silent Night*, in the ecstatic swell of *Oh, Holy Night*, in the joyous *Gloria* of the Shepherd's Hymn, and in the lilting new Christmas hymn, *Jesu Bambino*.

It is to my everlasting regret that I have never been able to find the music and words of a Christmas lullaby learned in elementary school. Only a few of the words remain in my memory along with their childishly simple but compelling melody. Perhaps some day it will come back, but meanwhile I revel in the songs that are known and sung; sung almost too much, on the radio, in the streets, in the church. I say "almost" designedly, for they never grow tiresome to me. Even the continuous, tin-trumpet blare of carols played in a department store during the Christmas shopping rush has failed to dim my enthusiasm.

In the sophistication of modern life, we have grown away from some of the old traditions such as that of singing carols out of doors on Christmas Eve, but this one seems to be creeping back into favor. In our neighborhood the idea has been revived by the civic association, to the edification and entertainment of the citizenry. Last year my family attended the event *en masse* (there being six altogether).

It took Christmas Eve and the shock of a sudden decision to drive us out of a warm house into an auto that could not shut out the bitter cold. In some respects, we were dressed for the occasion, not with respect to formal appropriateness certainly, but with respect to all-important warmth. It was a good thing for us that the night was not too bright.

The event was to begin at a central point in the section. It happened to be a very attractive parkway, bordered with tall oaks whose gaunt forms were only thinly veiled by an opportune snowfall which added the final touch to a perfect Christmas setting. Bright-colored lights twinkled on a huge pine and afforded just enough of a glow to let us distinguish the faces of carolers and neighbors. The carolers themselves wore red cloaks, carried yellow lanterns, and rode in a real stagecoach. There were also two or three trumpets in the assemblage.

Since there were politicians present, we had to have speeches, but fortunately it was so cold that the words froze on their lips. A short blessing was invoked by a minister who must have dabbled in Christian Science, for he had the aplomb to stand bareheaded in the snow and say that the cold was merely a state of mind. We knew better. However, everyone present joined in the singing of the *Adeste Fideles*, humming where they did not know the words, and the procession got under way.

The carolers moved first, their horses trotting off briskly despite a heavy load. Santa Claus, and I almost committed the unforgivable sin of forgetting him, rode in a special cart of his own, which was later to prove his undoing. The section is very hilly and snow and ice, while inviting sleigh-riders in droves, are no boon to drivers or unskilled pedestrians. One steep incline had been already negotiated, but on the second a halt was called while the carolers stopped to serenade the home they had chosen to honor first. Santa Claus, an obliging, red haired member of the police force, was so rash as to stand up in his unaccustomed horse cart. When the impatient animal gave a sudden jerk, he immediately fell over backwards and had to spend the rest of the holiday season explaining why he had to have a number of stitches taken in his scalp.

That minor tragedy was for some time unknown to most of the merry crowd and the cars moved onward. Being individualists, we did not remain in line, but rode around another way and arrived at the head of the procession. It would have been more desirable, of course, if the singers had known more than *Silent Night* and *Adeste Fideles*, but they did nobly.

There could not possibly have been any doubt that it was Christmas Eve. Crackling snow, lightly powdered over and stained by the glowing reds and blues of Christmas tree lights, doorways brightly lighted and trimmed with holly, inviting windows—all bore witness to the night. Children came running to the windows, heedless of precious drapes, pressing their faces to the frosty glass in their eagerness to watch the friendly sight. Who knows but that they expected to find reindeer? Or were they too sophisticated for that?

The carolers went on and on, far into the night, but our family had to return, the children to bed to dream of the morning, the others to prepare for Midnight Mass. We had seen enough. Besides, we were cold.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT, '37.

The Wind

Wise Wind! He blows not round the tree's firm trunk.
No, lest his power which he proudly boasts,
Be brought to nought.
He knows his breath, though strong, would trouble not
The steadfast roots. He blows where he is felt—
In trees' frail tops.

Angeline Leibinger, '38.

Communism in Colleges

Communism is a threat to American democracy not only in its appeal to the proletariat, but more emphatically in its acceptance as an ideal form of society by a great number of college students. The two national student organizations most active in propagating the Communist movement, the American Student Union (A. S. U.) and the National Student League (N. S. L.), now united into one group, have grown to amazing proportions. The A. S. U. boasts of having a branch in almost every non-Catholic college in this country and where the organization does not appear openly it meets in secret or under the guise of some social or athletic group.

Were the Communist appeal to American youth directed to the intellect so that in accepting or rejecting it the student weighed objectively the desirability of a Communistic society after taking cognizance of its full implications, the task of combating this menace to society would be comparatively simple. The matter, however, is far more complex. To the student, and especially to the Freshman, membership in one or more of the various Communist organizations offers an escape from an otherwise commonplace college career.

Who are the American Communist undergraduates? They are, for the most part, students who already belong to some oppressed minority: the Jewish students whom some colleges exclude and others limit in number, the students who feel inferior socially, and those who cannot hope to excel in the ordinary affairs of collegiate life. These are the first to leave the ways of convention, and of course there are those who have become young Communists before entering college. Membership in radical organizations gives these people the long coveted chance to be "a big fish in a little pond." "All men," said Cicero, "are moved by a desire for glory," and we may well add: especially young men.

We who are within the protecting walls of a Catholic institution of learning can scarcely realize the plight of the average American college student. He comes to college with a mind full of cubbyholes: one for the facts of science, one for the facts of history, one for the facts of English literature, and usually he leaves college in quite the same frame of mind. There is no attempt at an integration of knowledge. In many non-Catholic colleges there is *no* philosophy taught. At best, the student imbibes a little of the so-called history of philosophy and this consists merely in the assimilation of a useless terminology. The student must inevitably be overcome by the futility of facts without coherence, knowledge without understanding, and this at a time when he first realizes that the rosy-colored world of his youthful fancy is not found in the starker reality presented for the sober contemplation of his maturer mind.

The Shelleyan zeal which every youth seems to possess at some time or another for reforming the world seizes the nearest opportunity for an

outlet and the only opportunity within its immediate reach is the Communist movement, which no matter how wrong, is nevertheless an attempt to answer the question of how to remove social injustice. We cannot help wondering at the seriousness and enthusiasm of the young Communists. The reforming zeal, however, soon dies, but the Communist movement maintains its grasp upon the youthful mind for, as one proceeds from committee to committee in the various young Communist groups, he becomes enmeshed in the organization and new, material, and more selfish motives draw him on.

Within a very short time, in fact, before the next national election, the multitude of members of the A. S. U. will be members of the American electorate—shrewd and clever young politicians. Then more than ever before Communism will threaten American democracy.

As American college undergraduates and as Catholic students we cannot maintain an attitude of passive indifference towards Communism. We must recognize, first of all, the need for correcting the social evils which Communism seeks to correct and then proclaim that Communism is not the remedy. We must acquaint ourselves with the neglected fact that the Catholic Church, through the encyclicals of its Holy Fathers, Leo XIII and Pius XI, has a definite program of social justice. Armed with a knowledge of this program we must recognize and accept the fact that the fighting of Communism is a responsibility of the laity. We Catholic students who are acquainted with undergraduates of colleges where Communism is rampant wrongly shun them and thus help to push them into the grasping arms of the misled "comrades." Of course, by associating with those who have embraced Communism, we are treading upon dangerous ground, but is it not a platitude that where there is no risk there can be no victory?

JANE WALSH, '39.

Adeste

Peace. . . . He is sleeping
On Bethlehem's hill,
Oxen are quiet,
Angels are still.

Hear, even winds are mute,
Shepherds breathe low,
Watch how the candle-light
Muffles its glow.

Come closer, softly,
Sh-h-h. . . . He may nod;
Hark the sweet sound
Of the pulses of God.

Hush, as you love Him,
Whisper no word,
Tell Him with silence. . . .
He sleeps,
But He heard.

Maureen Riordan, '39.



Catherine Murray, '38.

Dies Orientalis

Kipling's famous line, "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," cannot be applied to the Catholic churches of the Gallican and Oriental worlds. All the Catholic churches meet on the common ground of unity of dogma. The basic beliefs of the Roman Church are the same as those of the Greek Church. The fundamental ideas behind the Mass and the Sacraments of the Church in Ireland are identical with those of the Church in Armenia. This unity exists internally, despite the fact that discipline and ritual vary widely with locality.

In celebrating the *Dies Orientalis*, we manifested our conviction of this universal unity. Otherwise, how could we receive Communion in the form of leavened bread soaked in wine and believe it to be the Body and Blood of Christ, as truly as our unleavened Host is? How could we hear the prayers of the Offertory and Consecration pronounced in a tongue other than the Latin and still call the Sacrifice a true Mass?

Many Catholics first learn of the striking differences in rite and liturgy among churches united to the Roman See, with deep astonishment, and find it difficult to reconcile themselves to the facts. We have always been taught that the Church is One, they say; how, then, can there be so many groups, such marked dissimilarities?

Such Catholics fail to appreciate the point that the unity of the Church is a oneness of fundamental ideas, not of exterior ceremonies and discipline. They do not consider fully and logically the mark of Universality which the Church bears—that the Church exists for all men and all times. If the Latin rite was imposed on all dioceses of the Church, in every part of the world, then the accusation that the Church of Rome is purely a product of Western history and culture would have a sound argument on its side. But because there are these Christians, however small their number, who are in union with Rome, yet have their own individual liturgies and regulations, the attribute of Universality can be strongly defended. Therefore we see that these Eastern Catholics are "necessary to the Catholic economy."¹

There are four main divisions of rites in the Catholic Church: Antiochene, Alexandrine, Roman (or Latin), and Gallican. We of the Roman rite are inclined to be a bit smug; our rite is the best, we claim; the majority of Catholics worship under it; the Pope himself observes it. But if we are quite fair in our consideration of rites, we must subscribe to the fact that the Eastern rites are older than the Latin; they are closer to the Apostolic traditions, and are based upon the actual liturgies used by such prominent early Christians as St. James, St. John Chrysostom, St. Mark, St. Gregory, St. Cyril, and St. Basil. The notion of religious worship among our Eastern Catholics is of "a social and corporative act, centered in the Holy Sacrifice." Their attendance at religious

¹ Quotations are from *The Catholic Eastern Churches*, Donald Attwater.

ceremonies consists of "intimate participation and inspired collaboration" in the prayers and sacred action. This attitude is a very great contrast to the Latin practice of passive assistance, or, rather, attendance at Mass and other religious devotions.

Differences from the Latin rite, which are common to most of the Eastern rites are: The Mass to them is known as "the Divine Liturgy," or "the Offering." Their liturgies contain no proper of the saints or of the season, as we understand such. The voice of the celebrant is loud during the Mass, especially at the Consecration. Generally, the Easterns stand at public worship; kneeling is reserved for penitential times. Organs are not customarily used; nor are statues erected in the churches. Baptism is administered by immersion; Confirmation is conferred immediately afterward. There is a wide variety of languages used at holy worship. The clergy may marry. Communion is given under both kinds. Each minor rite has its special variations and customs, arising from tradition and locality.

The Byzantine and Maronite rites, both of which we have observed at the college, are subdivisions under the Antiochene rite. The Byzantine rite uses the Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, and is one of the oldest rites in the Catholic Church. The language used at Mass is for the most part Greek, with some of the prayers in Arabic. The vestments and vessels used are distinctive. The Maronite rite is a Romanized form of the Liturgy of St. James. It uses unleavened bread for the Sacrifice, and the laity receive under one form. The vestments are similar to those of the Latin Church and the faithful kneel at Mass, but the language used at Mass is Syrian, with some parts in Arabic. The Mass is characterized by frequent use of incense and the long dialogues between celebrant and choir. Both the Maronite and Byzantine rites have married clergy.

The Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom is used by a large number of Orthodox Christians, as well as by the Uniate Church; but there are no non-Catholic Maronites.

Although the first reaction to attendance at Mass celebrated in an Eastern rite is surprise and uncertainty, repetition of the experience is sure to lead to an appreciation of the beauty and reverence of the liturgy. After the first shock of hearing an unfamiliar language used for prayers, of listening to the unusual Greek chant of the choir, of seeing differences in the ceremonies of the Mass, we perceive that the three essentials of Offertory, Consecration, and Communion are unchanged. We realize that in spite of the differences of external law, the fundamental, inner law is still the same, and there is, among all Catholic churches, unity in variety.

It is the purpose of the *Dies Orientalis* to incite this proper regard for the Eastern churches. The Pope wants all Western Catholics to realize that Eastern Catholics are "as fully and completely members of the Church as are we Latins. They are not an inferior kind, or a sort of halfway house to Rome, but just plain Catholics."

FRANCES McLoughlin, '38.

Poems

A Tree Accursed

It stands out dead against the sky—
A mighty, lonely thing.
Its branches reach and seem to cry
For life.

Those sobbing sounds! Life brings no charms.
'Tis but the angry wind
Cruelly mocking naked arms
In strife.

The birds fly by; they will not rest.
Its barren outstretched limbs
Will never feel or know a nest
Or life.

Margaret Masterson, '38.

Interval

Hush—be still
If you would catch the elusive interval
When dawn, awakening, hurls
Her gleaming scarf across the sky
And dims the sparkling stars.

Be quiet—move not
Lest in moving you should miss
The drama of the dawning sky
Turning blackest jet to crimson hue
A void of silence lovely in its intensity.

Betty Manning, '39.

Nocturne

Deep and liquid is the sky;
Thin and fragile are the stars.
Clouds impelled by silent winds
Cut the moon like sabre scars.
 Restless breezes shake the trees,
 Tempting me to come away,
 Urging, teasing, calling me
 To climb up on the moon and play,
 To laugh in secret with the gods—
 Crafty Loki, war-like Mars.

Deep and liquid is the sky;
Thin and fragile are the stars.

Marie Birmingham, '40.

A Winter Sunset

Such peace in nature have I never seen before
As that the sunset showed today;
There was no vivid color to stir my heart—
Just a sinking sun, a bird in flight, a sky of grey.
Angeline Leibinger, '38.

Carl Sandburg

Carl Sandburg is the son of a Swedish immigrant and so grew up in the midst of the industrialism which faces the modern immigrant. Sandburg was born in a small Illinois town and during his youth drifted about the Middle West. From the first he found his themes for poetry among factories and railroads, in cities and slums, in the midst of noise and under the pall of smoke. He called his books by such names as *Chicago Poems* and *Smoke and Steel*. Trying to voice the aspiration of some humble thing to have a share in a great enterprise, he imagined steel, in *Prayers of Steel*, as praying to be laid upon an anvil, beaten into a crowbar, hammered into a spike.

"Drive me into the girder that holds a skyscraper together,
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders,
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue night into
white stars."

Such an image would never have occurred to one of the older American poets who instead might have put the prayer into the mouth of a plow eager to break the sod. Sandburg by his choice of steel as a symbol shows himself to be a part of the new order of life in the United States.

Moreover, he is not a part of any traditional community such as Boston, Philadelphia, or Richmond, but of Chicago, the vast, sprawling, windy city. What Sandburg likes in Chicago is its newness, what another poet might call its rawness. In his city Sandburg finds the unassimilated materials of poetry not yet shaped into established forms. He admires the insolence of the untamed city which, as he points out in his poem called *The Windy City*, has such a daring motto: "Go to it and remember this city picked from its depths a text: independent as a hog on ice." He too discards the past and its patterns; he too grasps what seems to him to be full of life and molds it to his own ends. To the extent that Chicago is the metropolis of the present and the future, Sandburg is the poet of those eras.

But he is not merely the voice of the tumultuous elements in American life; he is the voice of human pity and tenderness as well. He writes of old men and women who have nothing left but memories, of frail spirits broken by the struggle for existence, of friendship and beauty and love. He can explode in *The Lawyers Know Too Much* with a decisive guffaw at those who seem to him to make life more complicated. Yet he can also sing sweet songs about the most ancient emotions poets have ever felt. This range of sympathies is Sandburg's most outstanding trait. He is native enough to write poems about the Chicago stockyards; he is universal enough to respond to poetic sentiments from all quarters.

HELEN YOUNG, '39.

Radio Singers

"Come! Come! Come to the fair," begs the lovely soprano, with a great attention to diction and the full power of a pair of lungs filling an ample bosom. With very little imagination you can conjure up an animated picture of one hundred and eighty-nine pounds of inviting womanhood, quivering with eagerness to dance on the green. Or, still in the holiday spirit, you may find yourself *On the Road to Mandalay* with a deep baritone of rich timbre and great emphasis. He also is a victim of desire, not for the pleasure of nature, but for a dancing girl in a green cap who is patiently awaiting him. Or, in higher mood, we may pursue the unfortunate lark to heaven's high gate, accompanied by a contralto and a display of melodic pyrotechnics.

But, coming down from the rather rarefied semi-classical regions we find ourselves in the lighter, but paradoxically gloomier region of the popular love song. Here we find the "blues" or "torch singer" usually exemplified by a young lady with a slightly muffled or furry voice, and what television might reveal as a wild look of pain in her eyes. This young lady possesses the remarkable ability to, in a manner of speaking, take up a stitch in her voice. This results in the production of a sob which is heart-rending to sensitive listeners. The male singer of mournful ditties does not have to do any tricks with his voice. His forte is speaking the words, rather breathlessly, in time to the music. I read somewhere that this requires a great deal of art and I am neither disposed nor qualified to dispute the point. It is interesting to note, in passing, that while the female "blues" singer is disconsolate over the loss of love, the male singer, in a great many cases, is yearning over his mammy, his child, or his old home. Why this difference of specialization and variety should exist, is an interesting subject for speculation.

There is a third type of singer which may be classified as the cute or "Here Comes Cookie, ooh, ooh, ooh!" type. In contrast to the rather world worn and buffeted "blues" singers they are young and fresh and you just know they are going to get a great deal of fun out of love even when they descend to the surprisingly vindictive *Goody! Goody!* song. These young hopefuls are usually called Cherry or Margie or Dickie or Howie, but even a casual listener may catch more than a suggestion of Shirley or Myron in the voice or personality.

In somewhat the same class are the boys from the Ozarks or Catskills, who announce the unknown lady's imminent approach around the mountain, and the sophisticated quartet who address the Duchess in familiar terms. They are very humorous and, what might be called in a woman kittenish and each member of their little band is allowed to display his voice or talent individually. The girls who harmonize usually do their deadly work in three's rather than four's. They can pursue a note to an unbelievably high altitude and can draw it out far beyond the breaking

point. For some reason they seem to believe that if half the words in a song are indistinguishable their highest musical goal has been reached.

I think that these are the most outstanding warblers on the modern radio programs, although there are others burdening the air waves, such as the choirs of men and women, the singers with operatic pretensions, the intimate singer who accompanies himself on the piano and who is so cozy that he seems to be singing just for you, or for himself, and the child singers, last and most bloodcurdling.

ISABELLE HESSON, '37.

Aztec Poems

An Aztec's Prayer

O Quetzalcoatl, would that I be near
At Thy return. Thy promise, cherished long
By this, Thine ever faithful warrior throng,
Is now the only star toward which we steer
Our waning hopes. Thy memory is dear
To us, for we have not forgot that Song
And Skill—all which to Thee did once belong—
Are ours, for these we learned when Thou wert here.
O fair-haired Teacher of a mighty race,
That owes its worth to Thee, when Thou once more
Shalt sail Thy ships unto an Aztec shore
And set Thy foot upon the Aztec sand,
Thy people shall rejoice to see Thy face.
But I grow old; my harvest is at hand.

An Aztec's Lament

White God, wert thou an evil spirit sent
To torture us? The streets are wet with blood
And strewn with corpses lying in the mud
Upturned by white men's feet. Let me give vent
To righteous wrath. A stately palace bent
To earth, a leader slain, our homes destroyed,
A city burnt—that thy skills be employed
To such an end—this is my sad lament.
I sought thy ship upon the mighty sea
And dreamed of glorious days that were to come
But come no more. Vainly my lips grow numb
Reproaching thee when Hope has flown away.
Yea, rather had I never lived than be
A witness of this disillusioning day.

According to legend, Quetzalcoatl is a white man who visited and taught the Indian tribes of the vicinity of Central America. Subsequently he was worshiped as a deity and his promised return was eagerly awaited. The bloody conquest of the Aztec Empire by white men under Cortes is an historical fact.

Jane Walsh, '39.

Alumnae Day—1926

It is the Spring of 1926. The Undergraduate Association is holding its regular meeting on Friday morning at eleven. There is excitement in the air, for a new idea is to be submitted to the assembly today. The "U. A." President prays that her fellow students will take kindly to this splendid plan of the Student Council.

The business of the meeting progresses, and the President outlines the plan for Alumnae Day. It is to work out this way: once a year the Undergraduates are to set aside a day on which the Alumnae are to be welcomed to their Alma Mater. According to the letter of the law, this is to be a formal party, but in spirit it is to be the essence of all the warmth and gladness that we feel in welcoming our older sisters. Will such a venture prove successful? Will it really be one more link in the chain of friendship which binds Alumna and Undergraduate? That remains to be seen. The Association votes to experiment with Alumnae Day and to await the results.

Preparations begin at once. The problem of entertaining such a large number (there must be at least one hundred Alumnae) looms very large. The committee in charge of entertainment sets to work immediately. After all, this is a very special occasion, and everything possible must be done to insure its success. Our guests must carry away with them the memory of a delightful afternoon.

Tea is the first consideration. What shall we ever do about china for so many people? Well, there's no help for it—the U. A. will simply have to buy some. And how are we going to manage the preparation of all that food? That, too, must be arranged. Between worried frowns and happy smiles, all the problems are solved and all signs point to a gay reunion.

The division of labor gets under way immediately. Because of their exalted state, the Seniors are to be the reception committee. Besides, they are to be responsible for the tea for the guests of honor, the Alumnae officers, the Faculty, and the U. A. officers. The Juniors are to lend their art to this occasion also. They are to express themselves in two ways, first, in making beautiful the reception rooms and halls, and in serving the guests. To the Sophomores is allotted the uninspiring task of making reception rooms and halls once again resemble lecture halls, after the party is over. But it is the Freshmen who are the heroines of the day. Because of their number, they are to prepare the salads and sandwiches for the tea.

The great day comes. The distracted Chairman arrives shortly after dawn, bringing with her the main course for the guest table. Shortly after, other Seniors arrive laden with silver, glassware, trays and a very special kind of angel cake for the very special guests. The grocers come, bringing huge boxes of all kinds of food. In due time the florist rings

the doorbell. He wonders what in the world is happening here today. He has no way of knowing that when we have time to think, we prefer *not* to think. Instead we pray that nothing will mar the beauty of this day.

In the basement, the Freshman President takes charge. All day a steady stream of her classmates pours in and out. Every single girl's free periods for that day are given over to the preparation of the tea. They realize the magnitude of their task, and gallantly work to prove equal to it.

Four o'clock, and our guests begin to arrive. Their very evident delight at being back at college is gratifying and encouraging. We feel that they are experiencing all the joy of a home-coming, and we are delighted to welcome them.

Before we realize it, the entertainment is over. We have been carried away on "wings of song." It is with a start that we find ourselves once again within the college walls. And now Undergraduates and Alumnae mingle. Neither the college nor the Alumnae has yet reached the proportions which make knowing everyone difficult. It is easy for old friendships to be renewed and for new ones to begin. The day passes, and more memories are added to our already teeming store.

It is late evening of that same day. An exhausted but thrilled reception committee gathers in the library, the scene of the guest table. A small table is pulled up to the windows and is set with the flowers and candles of its now-bedraggled larger counterpart. Over the teacups the weary group discusses the day and all the joy it has brought. The soft glow of the candles is reflected in eyes that sparkle with pleasure. No need to worry about Alumnae Day now. It has been a glorious success.

GENEVIEVE D'ALBORA, '26.

To a Professor

You're over-scrupulous with marks;
You shouldn't be, you know.
One really wonders what this is—
At every breath you spring a quiz,
And when we try to get a stay
You fetch your dignity and say
In your most aggravating way,
"I told you so."

But when Saint Peter says, "Look here,
I have you marked for every tear
A student shed, and for each tear
You'll answer quizzes for a year—
Now SIT RIGHT HERE!"
A-a-ah, *then* you'll see
How haughty can a student be
When she says condescendingly,
"I told you so!"

Maureen Riordan, '39.



Marie Gough, '39.
Art Club

Alfred Noyes, Poet¹

In Alfred Noyes we find a modern poet who is as staunch a defender of the old traditions in poetry as he is a consistent foe of anything approaching the free verse school. To him, also, poetry has been something which can be popular as well as great.

Born in 1880 at Wolverdam, Staffordshire, he came to maturity after Tennyson's death. At Oxford, he plunged zestfully and widely into European traditional literature and made it his. He was only twenty-two when he published his first volume of poetry, *The Loom of Years*. Thenceforth he began to accomplish the supposedly impossible: he made money writing poetry. Naturally, it had to come in such quantity as to occasionally leave much to be desired, but never did he descend to the type of jingle often associated with a poet liked by the people. Indeed, he made no attempt to appeal to the modern side of man, but instead, consistently worked at reviving the style of another era in poetry.

In 1913, he made his first visit to America. He lectured at the Lowell Foundation in Boston and various other colleges, accepting in the following year a position as Visiting Professor at Princeton, a place which he held until 1923. During the War, denied active service, his pen was busy on the side of the Allies. His poetry had long revealed his sympathies with Catholicism, so that his final decision to enter the Church was a surprise to no one who had read his work.

To return to his poetry. His consciously conscientious attempt to use the traditional forms and diction has sometimes been detrimental. Especially in his earlier poems do we find such devices as romantics have employed for centuries. Thus in *Flower of Old Japan*:

"With rosy finger tips the Dawn
Drew back the silver veil."

The Forest of Wild Thyme rolls back the centuries with its *Apologia*, beginning:

"One more hour to wander free
With Puck on his unbridled bee."

In the age-old form of the ballad, he has given us some splendid pieces of work. The rollicking *Highwayman*, *Forty Singing Seamen*, and songs in *The Mermaid Tavern* have all the color, romance and simple swing of the old-time ballad:

"A highwayman comes riding,
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door."

¹ This is the second in our series of articles on Catholic writers in accordance with the policy stated in our previous issue.

His first great epic, *Drake*, was an ambitious attempt to portray the events in the life of this man. At times it really reaches a peak. Sometimes one feels strongly the atmosphere of the times, sees clearly the commanding figure of the man, Drake, finds it truly "a pageant of the sea." But often, it fails; often the reader feels that somehow it has fallen short of the mark.

Something to delight the heart of any reader may be found in his *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, as fine a bit of historical reanimation as one could find. Under his pen, Shakespeare, Jonson, Marlowe, and their contemporaries live again:

"Ben Jonson and Kit Marlowe, arm in arm,
Swaggered into the Mermaid Inn and called
For red deer pies."

Or in the corner

"quietly listening, laughing, watching
Pale on that old oaken wainscot floated
One bearded oval face, young, with deep eyes,
Whom Raleigh hailed as 'Will'."

The reader plunges into the atmosphere of the Mermaid Tavern. All the romance and brightness, all the tinge and flavor of the times glow and sparkle through the lines. We hear the "sound of clashing wine cups" within the old timbers of the Mermaid Inn, with its rush strewn floor trodden by the feet of literary immortals, and rude rafters resounding to the merry cries or serious conversations of that distinguished band. The whole poem, couched in flexible blank verse, interspersed with infinite variations in rhyme and rhythm is a narrative any reader should find most fascinating.

It was in 1924 that Noyes commenced another epic, *The Torch-bearers*, which was not completed until 1930. There is no question of its definite superiority over *Drake* in all respects. It is, surprisingly enough, "an epic of science." Science to many poets has been a dry-as-dust laboratory affair to be avoided or ignored as much as possible. To Noyes it held a romance and breadth deserving of recognition. He made his poem a means of singing its praises. It is very long, and has been published in three separate volumes. The first, *The Watchers of the Sky*, pictures Copernicus, then Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, and Sir John Herschel, each of whom takes up the torch which has been relinquished by the other. *The Book of Earth* came after three years. "Let the stars fade, open the book of earth." Here come in procession,

An Interview with Ross Hoffman

Of the younger generation of Catholic writers, Ross Hoffman is perhaps one of the most representative of the modern spirit. For those who have not become acquainted with him in one of the religion courses, where I first became interested in his ideas, a brief introductory note would be helpful. Mr. Hoffman is a professor of history at New York University, and an interested observer of the social phenomena of the world today. As a convert to the Catholic Church, he presented his apologia in *Restoration*, a remarkably lucid and self-revealing account of conversion from a particular point of view.

Because of Mr. Hoffman's interest in modern social tendencies we discussed them at great length. Rather I should say,—he discussed them at great length, and I listened. He commented very emphatically on two aspects of the subject in which we as Catholics and as students are greatly concerned at the present time—Communism and the social message of the Church.

Like so many historically-minded people, Mr. Hoffman has a great desire to visit Russia, for he feels that there a history is being written unlike any that has yet been recorded. Although he is opposed to Communism, he feels that we are not being fair to the Church when we divide the world into two camps, Communism and Catholicism. According to this parallel, we bracket Catholicism with Communism and make of it a social theory *subject to time*. However, if we stress the atheistic tenet implicit in Communism, then we have a fair basis for division, a religious basis. That we should stress this atheism is only too evident. Mr. Hoffman pointed out that in the last presidential campaign, Earl Browder, the Communist candidate, ridiculed all attacks on the anti-religious aspect of Communism. His ridicule left us defenseless. How could we combat the godlessness we know to be inherent in his social philosophy when he himself laughs at the idea of it? We must not allow ourselves to be intimidated by his ridicule but force him to admit the religious issue.

In Moscow today there is being realized an indication of a return to traditional and conventional morality. The family as a social unit has been restored and everything possible is being done to strengthen family ties. Divorce laws have become stricter; the legislation favoring abortion and contraception has been partially nullified. There has even been a movement toward the reënfranchisement of the clergy. Mr. Hoffman believes that this latter movement is a result of the popular idea that the Church in Russia is now powerless. He sees in it a marvelous opportunity for us to retrieve lost ground. What does he see in the movement as a whole, this reversal to established forms? He sees a powerful weapon in the hands of the Catholic Church. Heretofore, when we have fought for our belief in traditional morality we have based our contention on the existence of an objective moral law. Although this is

conclusive proof, it is not scientific enough, not empirical enough for the modern skeptic. *But now we have experimental proof!* Russia is the great experiment. She has tried to discount morality and found that it won't work. Now, as Mr. Hoffman remarked, we no longer have to justify our moral laws with proof over the skeptical head; we have only to point a scornful finger at Russia.

After awhile we finally got around to the social aspect of Catholicism. Mr. Hoffman's conversion resulted from the realization that the Catholic Church meets "the needs of humanity at large"—*i. e.*, man's spiritual, moral and social needs. All are important, but we talked mostly about the latter, man's social needs. He is of the opinion that Christianity alone can offer humanity a workable basis on which to build a social theory. This is because other social philosophies cannot touch the fundamentals; they are built on air; they lack real depth. He illustrated his point by a very fine example: neither Fascism nor the Roosevelt revolution, to take the examples he offered, would keep a man from committing suicide. *But Christianity would*, because it is a "solid reality"; it is fundamental where they are not. It alone bestows on man a basic worth. And therein lies the entire necessity for "restoring all things in Christ."

In any conversation about social theories, the papal encyclicals inevitably demand attention. I had always thought that the encyclicals marked an entirely new trend in social thinking. Mr. Hoffman pointed out that on the contrary, the theories advanced by the Popes were not new; others had shared those ideas. But all the thinking was muddled and it was the peculiar function of the encyclicals to clear up the muddle. From his own experience of reading the encyclicals before his conversion, Mr. Hoffman remarked that they swept across his brain "like a penetrating and refreshing breeze." Then he felt, here was consistency at last; here was clarity where before had been only darkness; here was order where before had been only confusion; and here was agreement where before had been only disagreement.

This all sounds very formal, as if our interview were bound by very marked limits and no allowance made for digression. The truth is that I did have a lovely set of formal questions in my bag, but I never felt the need to resort to them. This was more in the nature of a delightful conversation and it wandered nicely from point to point. All the things which I have discussed above we really talked about somewhat indirectly and I have put them together since. In fact, we talked about practically everything—Mussolini and Mr. Hoffman's trip to Italy last summer; how many people read St. Augustine; the *Catholic Worker*; people who deny God; Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*; Fulton Sheen; agnostics; and even the National Union for Social Justice. We agreed and we disagreed; we shared a great enthusiasm for President Roosevelt, but we took opposite sides over Walter Duranty's *I Write as I Please*; we talked about Jacques Maritain, about whom I know practically nothing, but whom he considers one of our greatest contemporary philosophers.

When I first met Mr. Hoffman he remarked that I made him feel important by requesting this interview. I smiled and made some non-committal reply. As is often the case, I thought of what I should have said on the way home. It is simply this: He is important. He is an essential part of the "great forward movement" for which, he writes in *Restoration*, we are now ripe. If the Catholic Church is truly to undertake "the high adventure of reconquering and 'restoring all things in Christ'," and is to make the most of her intellectual and artistic renaissance, it shall be accomplished, I feel sure, only through the instrumentality of such men as Ross Hoffman. KATHERINE SHEA, '38.

ALFRED NOYES, POET

(Continued from page 27)

Pythagoras, Aristotle, Farabi, Leonardo and so on through the years up to Darwin who

"groped into the orchestral universe
As one who strives to trace a symphony
Back to its cause, and with laborious care
Feels with his hand the wood of the violins."

Before the publishing of the last of the trilogy, *The Last Voyage*, the poet had entered the Catholic Church, a move which led, perhaps, to a slight deepening of the religious tone. All the scientific discoveries and inventions of the past are brought to bear in an attempt to save one child's life. When some one says, "They may save her," the poet cries "But who are *Tbey*?" and finds them to be all the seekers and discoverers of scientific truths through the years. In spite of the united forces of all, the child dies, and then the seeker finds that only in Faith can the reason be found, only in "God, Freedom, Immortality." In the Mass he sees "the Host upraised against the sky" as "the one signal that could never change" and finds the Incarnate Word, "Intelligible, at last, as love, not death." It is a theme of great power treated in the same spirit.

Noyes has probably curtailed his own abilities by his unshakeable determination to cling to the traditional forms. As a result, much of his poetry is technically correct, but cannot rise to the great heights of the best spontaneous poetry. His best work has an ease that is delightful and a singing quality that haunts the memory.

"Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time,
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London)."

Much of the verse he has written is already sinking into oblivion, but the best should find a place in the literature of England. That he has found favor with the "man in the street" seems much to the credit of that mythical personage, and certainly should be considered no detriment to the poet's claim to a little corner of immortality.

FRANCES BENNETT, '37.

Editorials

Catholic Magazines

All this furore about Catholic literature prompts us to speak of Catholic periodicals. So often when this subject is broached, Catholics are prone to say, "There aren't any good Catholic magazines. They are all shallow and sentimental." But this is not so. Many Catholic magazines are insipid and superficial; however, there are some periodicals from the Catholic press worthy to be ranked with the foremost secular publications.

America and *The Commonweal* are prominent and worth-while weeklies. *The Commonweal*, edited by Catholic laymen, is significantly subtitled, "A Weekly Review of Literature, the Arts, and Public Affairs." *America* is a Jesuit publication, called "A Catholic Review of the Week." Both these magazines adequately cover the wide fields they propose to survey, by concise editorial sections, lively commentaries on national and world events and ecclesiastical affairs, timely and extensive reviews of books, plays, and films. There are always interesting, comprehensive articles on such pertinent subjects as the Indian situation in the United States, Professor Gilson's speech at the Harvard tercentenary, the Mexican situation, atheism, the progress of radical movements—subjects on which every Catholic should be well-informed from the viewpoint of the outstanding thinkers of his Church.

As representative of fine Catholic monthlies, we suggest *The Catholic World* and *The Sign*. The former is a publication of The Paulist Press, the

latter is put out by the Passionist Fathers. They contain, to an even more complete degree, the material treated in the weeklies, with added features, and a few good short stories.

Thought is another output of The America Press. Its self-descriptive subtitle is, "A Quarterly of the Sciences and Letters." Its text is deeper and more reflective than that of the other magazines, but it is simultaneously more thought-provoking and intellectually satisfying. Examples from the issue of this fall, of the unusual, interesting topics are: "St. Paul and the Real Presence," "Cornille's Religious Poetry," "India and the Empire." Book reviews constitute a very large part of the make-up of this magazine.

Let us give a brief listing of some of the contributors to these publications—Michael Williams, George N. Shuster, Carlton Hayes, James J. Walsh, Francis X. Talbot, John LaFarge, Francis P. LeBuffe, Hilaire Belloc, Theodore Maynard, Theophane Maguire. Some of these are laymen, some priests; all are well-known literary figures and authorities on contemporary thought and events.

We do not claim to have exhausted the list of valuable Catholic periodicals. You will doubtless add others of your own choosing. We do suggest, however, that most of these "best" magazines may be found in the library. We would like them to show as much wear as the popular secular magazines, for we feel that they have as much, or more, to offer the reader.

F. McL.

Productions

As important to undergraduates in St. Joseph's as the subjects of the curriculum are the various extra-curricular activities in the College. Practically all societies at some time during the College year display for the student body and their friends some specimen of their talents.

Thus, on November 20th, the Cercle Molière presented its annual full-length play completely in French as usual. This year the club selected "Les Femmes Fortes" by Sardou. Probably many of us, as Freshmen, feared our knowledge of French inadequate for a three-act play, but all who risked it found themselves amply repaid and embued with a firm resolve never to miss one. And so, this year, the presentation was performed before an appreciative audience who, with the aid of the synopsis on the programs and the really excellent pantomime, found no difficulty in completely enjoying it. It was a finished performance.

Seemingly, "The play's the thing," for the next event was the Dramatic Society's offering on December 11th. Since it hopes to give two affairs this year, it was decided to select for the first one a comedy. "Ladies of the Jury" by Fred Ballard consequently made its one-night bow. It was an extremely difficult play to stage, for each member of the large cast was important and individual. The lines and situations were calculated to arouse frequent laughter. The Dramatic Society, in the past, has presented consistently good work and this year proved no exception. It gave its audience the thoroughly enjoyable evening it had anticipated.

These evenings which go toward making up the social life at the College, usually prove themselves well worth the attention of the students.

F. B.

Basketball

It seems fitting at this time to remind the student body that the basketball season began December 12th. To put it mildly the support given to the team could be better. It was very discouraging last year to practice twice weekly, play games every Saturday and then, after winning five in a row, overhear a group of girls, who never bothered to attend a game, remark, "Yes, they lost yesterday. I told you the team was terrible, that's why we never go to see them play."

This year there seems to be a much better spirit of coöperation about everything around the College. The girls seem ready and willing to "get behind" all the affairs of the various societies. The Varsity is an activity of the A. A. There is never any expense attached to witnessing the games, and it is one of the activities of the school in which the girls from St. Joseph's go out officially to represent the College and to meet girls from other schools.

We hope, therefore, that the prevalent spirit of coöperation will spread to the basketball team, and make itself felt through larger and more enthusiastic attendance at games.

P. E.

Peace

"Peace on earth to men of good will," sang the angels on the night of the nativity of the Prince of Peace. The passive manner with which some of us accept the daily threat of war is certainly not in accord with this promise of peace. There are many organizations existing today that claim they are standing for the preservation of peace. "If there is no Catholic Peace Movement for our young men to join they will join the one

(Continued on page 36)

Town Topics



Aurora Díaz, '39.
Art Club

What a disappointment! "Town Topics" was going to be such fun this issue. We had practically decided, at a very solemn LORIA meeting, that what this department needed was names and lots of them. And then what happens? Almost everyone who filled out our tricky little questionnaire declared that she didn't want names in "Town Topics." One very candid person in addition to answering "No," ejaculated, "Heaven forbid!" We've come to the conclusion that you must either have a skeleton in your locker or you just lack the Winchell instinct. At any rate, there'll be no names, so your skeletons may relax. (By the way,

we hope you notice how discreetly we avoid mentioning exactly how many answered the questionnaire . . . that's another story.)

We love nursery school children—they're so naïve. The other day as we were going to lunch we passed one of the children engrossed in a picture book. He looked up and grinned. And then (this is no lie) greeted us with, "Hello, Curlyhead." In isolated sections of our hair there is the remnant of a wave, and toward the ends there are a few curls where last summer's permanent forgot to grow out, but that's the end of it. Much as we appreciate the flattery and much as it buoyed up our drooping spirits, we declare in favor of the greater good—the child really ought to have his eyes examined. If he doesn't and he keeps on at that rate, in less than twenty years he'll make Casanova look like Caspar Milquetoast.

He reminds us of a story that appeared in the *New Yorker* about a year ago. A little baby, about a year old and hence not yet at the talkative stage, woke up one day to find his father looking down at him, as fathers will. The baby looked up at Dad, cocked an eye at him, said, "Hello, Fred," and went promptly back to sleep. Of course, you are under no obligation to believe that story; the *New Yorker* merely submitted it as food for thought. The question that puzzles us is: could the nursery school lad be the *New Yorker* baby grown up?

One more anecdote from the nursery school and we'll call it a day. The children were being given a lesson in gratitude, apropos of Thanksgiving. (It's a little late for a Thanksgiving story, but we can't get a thing on Christmas.) Well, anyway, they were being told that they must be

grateful for all their blessings which were carefully enumerated for them. So they must remember before sitting down to their Thanksgiving dinner to give thanks to God for their food. When the lesson was all over, the teacher inquired, "Now what must you remember to do before you can enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner?" Up pipes the I. Q. approximately 160, "Kill the turkey." Anyone is free to submit that to any and all "Bright Sayings Departments," but we demand a fifty per cent cut.

Have you heard the parodies to the "Organ Grinder's Swing"? If you haven't, then you either don't know any Juniors or you've been cutting too many dull classes. The girls with somewhat northerly interests have a fondness for this one:

If he throws her for a loss
Then he comes from Holy Cross,
Hi-ho, hi-ho, etc.

But you can always find people loyal to the old home town. After all, it isn't necessary to go to Massachusetts to be thrown for a loss. There's always the Bronx, which is the inspiration for this gem of about as bad a piece of rhyming as you are likely to find:

If he calls her honey lamb
Then he comes from old Fordham.

That accent is rather catchy, don't you think? There are lots about St. Joseph's, naturally, but there are two that strike a particularly responsive note in our heart. One is a little optimistic:

If she has a million beaux
Then she comes from old St. Joe's.

Mebbe so, mebbe so, but if that is strictly accurate why all the worried looks when the Junior Prom is mentioned? It would seem to us that there is more truth, if perhaps less poetry, in the second:

If she's in financial throes
Then she comes from old St. Joe's.

Definitely so, definitely so.

Notes from here and there: Guess why that special class is called the "Zero Hour"? There's a swell reason. . . . The Freshmen are showing signs of a refreshing originality. They wanted to call the S. P. C. A. to protest about all the frogs being cut up in the lab. One of them wanted to take the legs home so her family could enjoy frogs' legs for dinner. . . . Comes the revolution! A certain class, feeling slightly abused, posted this little emancipation proclamation on the classroom door:

S. S. 40 regrets
They will not meet
Mr. Kilcoyne today.

Try it and see what happens. . . . We like it when the professors tell jokes

about themselves. Sort of helps to maintain the balance of power. Well, anyway, one of the Profs told about the days when she was taking drawing and they were studying perspective with mugs (cups, doncha know). The teacher came up to her and the girl sitting beside her, pointed to them, and remarked acidly, "Your mug is too high, and yours is too low." . . . There's the loveliest feud going on on the second floor as to which of two nine o'clock classes can make the most noise. We had practically awarded the palm to the Roosevelt backer but on the strength of the Landonite's Thanksgiving Eve performance, we've decided to reserve judgment. Maybe we had better get Fred Allen's applause machine. . . . If you'd like to restore that nice athletic feeling you enjoyed all summer, why not go to Alumnae Play Night? It leaves you with the grandest feeling—you can't sit down, you can't climb the stairs, you can't move your arms, in fact you can't do anything. But you'll feel the loveliest inward glow at having exerted yourself. And the chairman will shower benedictions on your head.

Did you hear that snicker at *Evenings with Christ* last month? When Father Fitzgibbon announced that the next discussion would be on "The Leakage Within the Church," a young lady with a trigger mind snapped back, "Good! At last we're getting around to the drips!" She should have used that trigger mind to shoot herself. . . . Have you seen a meek-looking man sticking his nose inside the door every noon muttering, "Miss Masterson's milk"? The young lady (her name just happened to slip out) has a quart of milk delivered every day (that's how she keeps the roses in her cheeks). Maybe it's the reason why she writes such good poetry, too. . . . Perhaps this is telling tales out of school, but we like it, anyway. One of the girls who answered the questionnaire on the exam system gave her reason for preferring our present system: "Proctors are an unnecessary evil." Nice going! . . . The Dramatic Club yielded its share of boners, too. One visitor saw our lovely little acknowledgment on the program, "Water cooler through the courtesy of the Crystal Spring Water Company." She went looking for it all over the first floor to find the water cooler. And we thought it was so conspicuous on the stage! . . . Somebody suggested that we call this "St. Joseph's College for Women with Rings Under Their Eyes." With all the girls working after school, we all walk around like wraiths and phantoms—all you can see in this particular department are two black circles. But wait till after Christmas. . . . Now we have a little problem for you to mull over before the Spring issue. S'help us, we didn't think it up all by ourselves. We overheard two girls discussing another's popularity with the pursued sex. Said one, "She's quiet, but she's an awfully good listener." The other pondered over that for awhile, and then popped this amazing question, "Yes, but what happens when two good listeners go out together?" We've been haunted ever since by a picture of two good listeners out on a good time waiting to listen to something. It's nothing short of tragic. Can you figure it out?

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 32)

nearest at hand—good or bad,” said one of our state university chaplains, recently. IF there is no Catholic Peace Movement—but there IS. The Student Peace Federation has been formed. It is composed of representatives from our Catholic Colleges and Newman Clubs in the nation. The members advocate the study of the causes of the present crisis because they realize that the only way to rid the world of this international struggle is to have a thorough knowledge of its cause.

This Federation meets as a national unit annually, while sectional groups meet more frequently. The first meeting was held at St. Elizabeth's College, Convent Station, N. J., on November 7th. Among the thirty-one colleges from the Middle Atlantic States, was St. Joseph's College for

Women. Several round table discussions brought forth interesting facts about the American Foreign Policy, Communism, Fascism and World Peace, and Catholic Principles of World Peace. From young men associated with one of our local public colleges, we gathered first-hand information concerning Communism and Communistic methods. We learned the Catholic viewpoint on world peace: in brief, before resorting to even a just war, nations should exhaust all means of conciliation and arbitration.

Our next meeting is to be held here at St. Joseph's on February 13th. You are urged to offer contributions to make this meeting a fruitful one. We should like to carry away from this gathering a plan of *action*.

C. H.

To . . .

Sorrow was your wedding dress
You wore it gracefully,
You tied it with a bright corsage
Of smiles
And ferns of gaiety,
And all the good, the warm, the true,
That blossomed in the heart
Of you.

You scented it with sweet perfume,
The fragrance of your soul,
And then you calmly donned a veil
Of laughter,
Thinking you could hide
The wedding dress—oh foolish bride!
For I was kneeling in the pew,
Kneeling very close to you,
And as you passed
I saw,
I knew.

Maureen Riordan, '39

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Aurora Dias, '39.

Rela

Rela was a Caribbean girl, and she was lovely, with the innocent grace of wild young mountain things. In the forest, with her slim brown body, the long straight hair of the Indian, and the fiery black eyes of some Negroid ancestor, she was a part of the natural beauty of the place. This spot in the woods was her favorite retreat when the afternoon sun became hot and over-bright in the native village. A cool, earthly sanctuary, it soothed her with the beauty of black and purple shadows, the vivid yellows and crimson of tropical flowers, the unexpected white patches of light among leafy patterns. With the single motion of a reclining animal, Rela stretched out on a shining green bed of palm leaves. No one had ever before intruded upon this place while she took her siesta, but today some one was approaching. With the wonderful auricular precision of a mountain native she could detect the regular sound of human footsteps, still a hundred feet away. Lying with arms thrown back, her head resting on her hands, she listened. A waxy white camellia dropped from the bush beside her, making a light swishing sound as it fell against her breast. Its leathery leaves broke apart, forming a curling white necklace on her dusky throat.

Through the trees the girl could see a white man walking in her direction. He was well dressed, probably employed at the shipping company in Santa Anna, at the foot of the mountain. These people were Americans, kindly and wealthy and very easy to bargain with. She need not be afraid of him. Now the man was very close, so that she could see the sunlight gleaming on his light colored hair, and when he looked up suddenly, startled by the cry of a catbird in a tree, she could see that his eyes were blue and large and a little watery. Another few feet and he would have passed by, but an inadvertent move of Rela's head caught his attention.

"What on earth!" he exclaimed. "A girl!—didn't you see me coming? I might have stepped on you!"

Rela stood up, her uncomprehending look telling him more plainly than words that she hadn't understood a word he had spoken. He continued in Spanish.

"I never saw you around here before. You don't live in Santa Anna, do you?"

Rela told him where she lived. He must be rich, Rela thought; no holes in his clothes at all, and he wears shoes even to walk in the forest. He is really very handsome.

"What is your name?" she asked directly. The man laughed as one might at a child who has asked an uncomfortable question.

"You can call be Tony," he replied. "What's yours?"

"I am called Rela." She spoke gravely, and then, by way of conversation, she continued, "I come here every day during siesta time."

"Well, if you don't mind, Rela, I'm going to stay here for a while; it's a hot day to be walking." Tony sat down. The girl stood before him in the blue shadow of a great eucalyptus tree. Her broad, dark-skinned face, framed in the thick mass of black hair, seemed almost delicate in the soft light. The great dark eyes, too frankly admiring, looked straight at the man before her.

"If you keep looking at me like that I'll begin to think I'm some kind of an oddity." He laughed nervously, finding her gaze more than a little disconcerting.

"Sit down here and tell me about yourself. It's not often I run across anyone like you in these woods."

He drew her down to the ground beside him and they talked intermittently for a long time, their conversation punctuated by silences during which they looked appraisingly at each other—Rela shy and furtive, Tony amused and curious. The girl felt strangely happy. She knew he liked her, and he was gentle and friendly. She could make him come back and she knew he would.

It was growing late when Tony rose to leave. The sky was bright with the clear rose-colored light which just precedes the tropical evening. The shadows were long black bars by now, and already the pale arc of the moon was overhead.

"You are here every day, Rela?" Tony asked. She nodded, happy and serene in the intuitive knowledge of what was to follow. "I will come again," he said. Rela watched him out of sight as he strode through the darkening woods. The next day, and the next, the girl went to the same place in the forest, but Tony did not come. Many days went by before he appeared again, looking a little sheepish, and half angry, as though Rela had made him do something against his will. In her happiness and pride at being with him once again, the Caribbean girl failed to recognize the subtle import of his attitude. The complete, unchecked delight she felt was apparent in her smile and laughter. Before long he too began to enjoy the charm of the verdant and beautiful forest place. And Rela's happiness was infectious.

During the weeks that followed they saw each other daily, even if it were only for a few moments. Rela was completely in love with Tony by now, and he was attracted to her by a kind of helpless fascination. She knew he cared for her, but with each meeting she could see his nervousness and irritability increasing. Often Rela would bury her face in the feathery green fern and cry after he had gone. At these times he seemed to hate her for the power she held over him; to resent her and want to hurt her in retribution. To the Caribbean girl, whose life was free and happy, this was always a surprise and always a fresh wound.

One afternoon, after leaving Tony, Rela returned to the native village. She entered her house, a white clay cabin with a roof of pandames leaves. Inside her father waited for her.

(Continued on page thirty-three)

Wagner: The Romantic

The spirit of romanticism, though it may be obscured in an age of realism, never entirely loses its attraction. The great romantics of the world of art enjoy fluctuating periods of esteem and scorn, but their art is essentially a living one. Until youth and love shall cease to exist men will be romantics.

Music follows the cyclical action of the other arts. Much of the music written since the beginning of the century has been, in a sense, realistic. Exact definition of sense impression or even reproduction of the events of ordinary life in opera, have appeared as objectives. The musical programs of this last season may not be an indication of anything more significant than the fancies of musical directors; but again they may be the result of the wishes of a new musical public which is rapidly becoming larger, and just as rapidly becoming a powerful factor in the determination of the program.

The Wagnerian operas have assumed a prominence in the last two seasons which they have not enjoyed for more than a decade. That the presence of such outstanding artists as are now engaged by the Metropolitan Opera Company can account for this popularity in a large measure, must be admitted. Yet the beauty of music remains a force comparatively unaffected by the varying abilities of the musicians who interpret it. If we would look beyond the immediate fact of interpretation to the spirit of the music itself we might suggest that it is Wagner, the great romantic, whom the public seeks.

Wagner found opera a pretty display of vocal technique; he made of it a drama and a symphony. From an accompaniment for a series of arias, orchestration became a tonal expression of action, a symphonic web to express an essentially spiritual drama. The voice is an enhancement of a skillful and powerful composition which can stand in itself as a complete symphonic piece. For the poignancy of the *Magic Fire* music or the mysticism of the *Liebestod* are revealed to us without the accompaniment of the human voice.

To the sagas and legends of the Teutonic peoples he has given a permanent æsthetic form. Combining the old sagas to form one plot with a central theme, the *Ring of the Nibelungs* is evidence of his skill as a dramatist. He has reproduced in his music the elemental passions of a remote, heroic age and the fatalism and poetic finality of the old pagan legends. The story of the love of Tristan and Isolde has been retold through the medium of music, ineffably beautiful in its lyric quality. In the religious mysticism of *Parsifal*, Wagner's skill reached a final height. The power of his music and the unique character of his genius can be explained by his uncanny ability to enter into and be absorbed by the dramas upon which he was working and by his clear conception of the ideas motivating them.

Yet his musical genius was his only virtue. Never paying a debt, he was a parasite upon those who admired his music. He did not know what it was to be faithful to one woman; he persuaded the wife of his best friend to become his wife, and even then was considering marriage with a woman of means. Consumed with an inordinate conceit, he had but one topic of conversation—himself. He would compel his acquaintances to listen for hours to compositions he felt were masterpieces of literature. When he died he was without a friend.

His conviction of his own musical genius was the only true value he ever had. He could only conceive of a love faithful unto death and of a world of heroic proportions. Although he has been accused of plagiarism and of sacrificing artistry to sensational effects, the fact remains that he has written some very bad music. It is yet a fact that he has given to the world, out of his deformed and immature personality, music of a singular beauty. So absorbed was he in expressing the beauty he knew, that perhaps he had not time to be a man.

MARGARET FAY, '38.

Fog Rising

Alone
In a soft, swirling cloud,
In the stillness,
I stand on the fog-wrapped hill.
At dawn I feel
A vague shift in the wall of white.
Then slowly the fog rises
In tattered veils
That seem to cling to tops of trees,
To tangle in the crooked, dripping arms
Of leafless bushes.

Marie Birmingham, '40.

The Lark

Echoing in the dark
Midst a path thorny and long,
Fancy tossed me a lark,
Precious for its song.

Music stirred a part
Of the still, silent night
To caress a wounded heart
Wandering in its flight.

Eileen Brennan, '37.



Angelina Astarita, '38.

Then

"Tell me, sister, do you see
My lover riding home to me?
Is he not strong and O, so tall,
A-riding there along the wall?"
Thus did my lady speak of old
When knights were gallant, true, and bold.

Now

"Tell me, sister, who is that
Strutting in his new felt hat?
His suit is blue, his tie is bright—
Gosh, but he's a gorgeous sight!
To be with him would make me happy!"
Says modern miss, a trifle snappy.

Jeanne Gorman, '40.

Vigil

Four-thirty; he hasn't moved yet. It must be near daylight. What did the paper say? "Clear and colder. Sun rises 5:42 a. m.; sets 4:51 p. m.; high tide at Governor's Island." I must be going crazy. If he would only move! The doctor said it wouldn't be very long; he mightn't even regain consciousness before—before what? He's so white and still, but I can see him breathe. Four years old; he's tall, too, stretched out like that on the bed. I didn't notice how much he has grown. People always look taller when they are laid out, dead. But he won't die! He mustn't die. God, You can't let him die. You know he belongs to me, and You can't take him away. Oh, yes, I know You can, but please, God, don't do it.

I wish I could touch his hand, but I mustn't, it might disturb him; they mightn't let me stay. Hospitals don't let you stay all night, even when you're a person's mother, unless, unless he really is dying. That's why they let me stay here. I wonder if it will take long. I'd like to touch him just once; the nurse is watching me. She can touch him; I can't. I hate nurses. They're so quiet and efficient; make you feel stupid and awkward. It's so quiet. I think I am going to scream. Why doesn't the light come outside? They say this is the time when life ebbs lowest, when most people die, in the hours before dawn. I guess that's right, too. I wonder how many people are dying now. I've never seen anyone die.

Jack's plane is due at seven-five. He'll take a cab from the field; seven-fifteen when he gets here. He'd better hurry; it might be too late. Suppose Bobby is dead when he gets here. Maybe something has happened to the plane; there might have been a storm; maybe he will be killed. "Husband dies in plane crash; son killed by automobile." I must stop this; I'm just imagining. Planes are safe now; but if Jack were only here. Oh, Lord, please make him hurry; make him get here on time, before it's too late. Maybe if Bobby sees him he'll get better. He hasn't seen me since it happened, but he always did like Jack better than me. Jack adores him. What will he say if Bobby dies?—blame me for not taking better care of him. He'll hate me; yes, he'll hate me because I let Bobby wander out into the street alone. I think I'd die if he hated me. God, please don't let him hate me. It wasn't my fault, really. I forgot it was Lucy's day off. I couldn't help it if Anne talked so long on the phone. No, of course I couldn't. We were talking about Madge's affair with that other man. I could never treat Jack the way she treats Peter. Why should I remember that? I should be thinking of Bobby. That car must have hurt him terribly. If I had been careful it wouldn't have happened, but I haven't been a bad mother, have I? Oh, I don't know; I can't think. Perhaps I'm afraid to think. That's it, I'm afraid to see what I've been doing all along. It wasn't my fault, though. Jack is

away so much. I have to have some pleasure; I'm still young, and you can't take children everywhere with you. Lucy took good care of Bobby; better than I did. She wouldn't have let him be run over. I did. I'm his mother.

Holy Mary, Mother of God—yes, that's it, pray! She ought to understand; but I can't pray; I've forgotten how. Only I promise, I promise anything if only Bobby doesn't die. If he lives maybe he'll be blind or lame. No, God, not that, please, not that. Thy will be done, Thy will—no, I don't mean that. You know I don't mean it, too; I wish I could. I wish Jack would get here. I wish it were daylight. I wish he would move.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT, '37.

A Dog and His Army

It could be almost any dog, but it isn't. It's Mike and his own particular, stubborn, obstinate army. Although I've only seen the smallest private of this army, I know it exists and is made up of the strongest and largest fighters of their kind. For if they weren't, they could never withstand my long fight of two months to wipe them off the face of the earth. Occasionally, one or two of this army will desert if he thinks he can obtain better barracks by joining some other dog's army. These desertions bother Mike not in the least. As a matter of fact I think he would gladly have each one court-martialed and shot at sunrise. I know I should like to be the whole firing squad.

Many a Saturday morning, armed with a stiff scrubbing brush, tub of water and a bar of very strong pink soap I have battled in vain against this regiment. Somehow they know my plan of attack beforehand and sounding the call to arms, retreat until their fort is no longer under fire. Sometimes I wonder if Mike doesn't really care a little for his pesky army, for he will disappear until I have given up the idea of washing him and then show himself looking rather meek but downright happy. What am I to think? Are his sudden departures to save his army the humiliation of retreating once a week? I have asked him repeatedly why he doesn't do something besides arousing their anger by scratching

them, but he won't talk. He really ought to change his methods. I at least have a different colored soap for each attack. Next week I'm going to surprise the troops and Mike as well. I shall no longer use red, yellow or blue soap. The success of the project will be based on a can of brown powder guaranteed to do its duty. I sincerely hope another great army will join its ancestors in the tranquillity of flea heaven or otherwise.

JANE BOYLAN, '40.



Jane Boylan, '40.

What Is Greatness?

Today the world admires and looks up to those whom she considers great. The leader of industry who interests himself in the poor, the orator who fights for humanity, the king or president who wages war to help the downtrodden—he is great.

Our age is an age in which the humanitarian movement is occupying the forefront. This is readily seen from the fact that everyone is interested in helping the physical wants of man as a brother man. But is this all that is necessary?

Greatness does not consist in giving money to the poor, in discussing how to overcome present evils, in giving positions to those out of work. These are all material advantages and all very necessary, but we have made them the all-important factors in life. These qualities lead to greatness of the man, but hardly to greatness of the spirit.

One of our own greatest contemporary failings is that we are too interested in the material and not sufficiently interested in the spiritual. The cause for the canonization of King Henry VI was arrested in its final stages, some hundred years ago. Today it remains in that stage because the public is not interested. Henry VI possessed sanctity and simplicity, but today this is not greatness. Historians persist in labeling him feeble-minded, when in reality he was suffering from an illness which affected both mind and body. To the vast number of people sanctity, simplicity, and mental weakness are inseparable, and the rest of us, instinctively on the defensive, fight shy of this alliance.

The question resolves itself into this: What is greatness? Greatness is simplicity. This may seem a contradiction in terms, but a little reflection will prove its truth. True simplicity does not mean the cutting away of the material element for the spiritual. It consists rather of a co-ordinating of the two elements. Man cannot perfect his world by narrowing it and impoverishing it; he must organize it. No man can be great simply by devoting his life either to the material or the spiritual. There must be a definite place for each. Simplicity does not mean singleness of aim; it does mean orderliness; it does mean a proper perspective with regard to the spiritual and material.

Those of us who would be great must also be interested in helping our fellow men to achieve this order, this perspective in their lives. The Christian movement must help man make his spiritual life of value. But we are only able to give to others by first achieving this greatness in our own lives. We must learn first to perfect ourselves by putting the spiritual and the material in their proper places. If we can thus mold our own lives, we will achieve that simplicity which is an attribute of God, and which in man means greatness.

KATHRYNE HEFFERNAN, '37.

In Memory of Kathryn Cross

The dawn is still a splendid birth
Of glory shed upon the earth;
The snows of winter still caress
The land and ever gently press
The fallen leaf against Earth's breast;
Once more birds seek a southern nest;
Dark night yet steals upon the day
And winds with lacy clouds still play;
The ocean tumbles on the shore
And all seems as it was before.

And yet on that November day
When rain fell and the sky was gray
We took our leave of you, a friend
Of days when joy with joy did blend.
As the sun shines and shines again
And suddenly there comes the rain,
You left the place wherein we roam
And like an evening bird, went Home.
Adieu, adieu, adieu we say
And lift our humbled hearts to pray.

Had there but been some outward sign,
Some interruption in the line
Of e'er recurring scenes, to warn
The trusting heart of days forlorn,
We might have known in fuller sense
That sudden death had called you hence;
But the familiar scenes remained
Not heeding that the heart was pained. . . .
Earth quaked for one alone—and He
Died crucified on Calvary.

It is the common fate of men
Departed, ne'er to walk again
Upon the earth; in this exile
To wander but a little while.
Would that we who linger longer
Learn to act by Faith grown stronger,
To treasure where so'er we roam
A pleasant thought of friends gone Home.
Adieu, adieu, adieu we say
And lift our humbled hearts to pray.

Jane Walsh, '39.

Quo Vadis?

And just where are you going? The future even extended to so short a period as the morrow is at best uncertain and elusive, and when we strain our eyes round the bend of the years, life mercifully clouds her secrets in temporary shadows. But living even as we must, day by day, glorying in the present which becomes the past even as we mention its name, the human trait, call it blessing or failing, of planning will ever remain a vital part of us. In the disorganized, disturbed world of today the bright plans of our High School days are now pricked bubbles and we are more than a little tremulous about making new ones.

As we look to the professions, the leaders in the fields of science, medicine, teaching, and the arts, each in turn warns us of the overcrowded conditions in their ranks. Perhaps in ten years they say. But the fault arises from the fact that youth is poor material for such a trial of patience. Temporal and educational authorities leave us with the same sense of empty bewilderment which pervaded our souls before their counsel.

But there is still another source which should have been our first, and which now stands as our sole resort. And that one oasis in this barren desert is, of course, our Faith. It doesn't sound quite practical and utilitarian to offer such a spiritual solution to workaday problems, but strangely enough the cure could not be other than supernatural, for the disease from which the world suffers today is that of a sick soul.

We need faith as we never needed it before—faith first in our God, ourselves and our fellow creatures—faith in our ideals, standards and ambitions. A few short months ago we were carried away by the glamour and enthusiasm of parades and festivities heralding a coöperative return to prosperity. "Marching Along Together" we made our theme song. The blare of drums and the last echo of the song died away, and with them the emotional lift derived from our singing and marching lost its buoyancy. Human aids are, after all, only human. We won't find our God in the band stands or the market-place, and we won't discover Him *en masse*. The return home is one of pilgrimage—one of solitude, introspection, and reflection. "Quo Vadis?" Whither are you going? It's just time that we took inventory and checked on our course. No, faith won't arrange our programs for next semester, but it will strengthen us to complete this year with fresh courage. Faith won't "land you a job," but it will give you the confidence and determination upon which the groundwork of any success inevitably lies.

Quo Vadis? Now it's just an echo in the night, a gentle reminder that we must pause to hear it, for the voice of the Almighty is a dulcet one, but it is also just and firm. And with the poet Milton we hear Patience reply: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

MARJORIE BURNS, '39.

Poems

Resurrection

High in the eastern sky, proudly the conquering sun
Fills with a brilliant light, the fields he has lately won,
While night, the vanquished coward, gathers her cloak of gray
And, low in the west, a mere spectre, silently slinks away.
Somewhere the wakening flowers dance to the soft winds lay,
Somewhere a lark tells sweetly the birth of a glorious day.

Meanwhile a sepulchre opens—its glorious prisoner free,
Radiant, the Son of Justice rises in victory,
Startling the pride of Cæsar, as prostrate the warriors lie,
Dispelling the darkness of hatred, recalling love's rule on high.
Somewhere weak hearts grow joyous, that doubted in human fear,
As softly an angel whispers: "He is risen; He is not here."

S. D. M.

Death

Say there is peace,
Or call it just a sleep
That keeps the veiled eyes still,
Or, if you will,
Call it forgetting pain
That keeps the memory out;
Or if you call it simply death,
Then speak it softly
With a lowered breath.

Margaret Hirsch, '39.



Catherine Constantine, '39.

Post-Communion

We give Thee thanks:

Not for our daily bread,
But for the crying need;
Not for our being fed,
But for the wish to feed.

Not for the table graced
With Thy abundant store,
But for the fleeting taste
And for the want of more.

Maureen Riordan, '39.

Life in Black and White

How much women can suffer! I never knew we were such an injured yet patient sex until I began to attend a few of the more recent Hollywood Super-Saccharine-Specials. Until I began this course of spiritual re-education, I always had the idea that if some man had started to grind down my soul, mind, or body, I should have retaliated with a little counter grinding that would have done credit to the most militant Suffragette that ever hit a policeman with an umbrella. I am horrified to learn how close I have come to losing a precious feminine heritage and a good chance to wring and wring and wring somebody's heart with my spiritual heroism.

There are many instances in which this heroism can be given quite a good "work-out," or chance to exhibit itself. For instance, I have had an argument with the man I love more than anyone else in the world. He hisses at me through clenched teeth, "I'm through, do you understand, through!" and walks out the door, slamming it carefully behind him. Instead of running to the window and catching him one on the back of the head with the box of candy he brought around the week before (and which is almost empty anyhow), I stand for a moment, stunned; then I run to the door and in a broken whisper I say, "Jim, or Aloysius, or Harold, I didn't mean it. I love you! Come back to me!"

Or, to take another case, he has been very moody of late. It is obvious that there is some weight on his mind, and I decide to worm it out of him, I mean, I decide that if he tells me his trouble I can aid him with womanly sympathy and understanding. Finally, after some coaxing, I learn that, ten years ago, when he left Chillicothe, he had in some way given one of the local girls the impression that he *might* come back to marry her when he was making fifty dollars a week. He is now making fifty-two-fifty since his last raise, and being a man of honor, even though he loves me dearly, his early promise has come back to torture his very soul. Instead of crying a little, asking what the girl looked like, sniffing pointedly at the information that she was pretty, and then setting seriously to work to prove that she is by this time probably married to the McCarthy fellow who used to take her out, I rise to heroic heights. I walk slowly to the window, and, looking out unseeingly on the busy street below, I tell him that I will step aside and that he must return and fulfill the promise made ten years ago when he was fifteen and Agnes May fourteen. He goes, and I am left to a life of single blessedness and service to others.

Then again, I may be married to the man. I have gone out and in a moment of extravagance, filled with a desire to have him admire me as he did before we were married, I have paid ten dollars for what I thought was a very fetching hat. He takes one look at the hat and one at the bill

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Back Through the Years

The five of us sat waiting in the darkened living room for my brother to return. The room was heavy with our silence and each time we heard running footsteps in the street we would run to the window, only to sit down again as the footsteps passed our house. We glanced nervously at one another each time a motor lorry passed through the street with its powerful searchlight, and silently we offered a prayer that it would not pick up my brother in its beam. The Black and Tans didn't stop to see whether a boy or man was in the street; they shot first and looked afterwards.

Our prayers were interrupted by the sounds of running footsteps that come up our walk. There was a light tap on the door and Father rushed to answer it. My brother fell into his arms, breathless and exhausted from running. After a short time he was able to tell us that he had delivered the letter and everything had been arranged for Father to leave at eleven o'clock. Mother cried softly then and I think we all did although we tried to hide our tears and comfort Mother. And poor Father, it was even worse for him. Ireland meant everything to him and he had to leave it because the life of a Sinn Fein man wasn't worth a shilling in the North of Ireland. He had been shot at twice in the past few weeks, but with the luck of the Irish he had not been hurt. There was little time left for tears and words of comfort. Dad had to leave and he needed every minute that was left.

He packed only the things that he would need for his journey and the rest was to be sent when he reached America. At eleven o'clock, the car arrived and Mother and Father hurried downstairs. There wasn't time to spend over long good-byes, so Father kissed the four of us and told us to be brave and to take care of Mother. From the window we watched them leave and waved them out of sight, too unhappy and lonely to cry.

Although old Kate had told us to go to bed, we were determined to stay up until Mother returned from seeing Father off. The four of us stood huddled together behind the living room windows looking out on the dark and deserted street. The minutes ticked slowly away. It seemed as if we had been standing there for hours when a car came down the street, stopped at the curb. Mother got out and hurried up the walk with her head bowed and a handkerchief in her hand. When she saw us she tried to conceal her fear and worry, but even I, who was the youngest, knew that something must have happened on the way to the boat.

As Father was standing on the pier saying good-bye to Mother and some friends, he was shot at a third time, but the sniper was a bad shot and the bullet missed him. Dad took just long enough to see that Mother and his friends were all right; then he ran to the boat. If the Black and Tans were determined to get him, he was just as determined that they would not. Once he was on deck he was no longer a clear target and

shortly afterwards the boat lifted anchor and Father was safely on his journey to America.

Returning from the boat, Mother had seen the home of one of the Sinn Fein families being looted and burned. This increased Mother's fears and that night we did not undress to go to bed, but lay down on our beds completely dressed and ready to leave if our home were threatened. If we managed to snatch a few hours sleep, it was only to be startled out of it by the screams of women and children and the horrible light of another house on fire. The flames shot up like huge tongues licking the walls and roof of the house. The people salvaged what they could and ran from the house with terror written across their faces. Would we be next? Mother, standing with us at the window, decided that tomorrow we would go farther north to my uncle's home where there would be at least temporary safety.

With the help of old Kate, Mother packed what clothes we would need and the next morning we left with mingled feelings of relief and sorrow. On our way to the train we passed the homes of our friends deserted and burned, people hurrying through the streets not daring to stop to talk lest they would be arrested as suspects, soldiers standing on corners, watching, waiting like great animals ready to spring on their prey. The past had held a smile and a tear—what would the future hold? Shortly after, we joined my Father in America.

MARION MAGEE, '39.

LIFE IN BLACK AND WHITE

(Continued from page fifteen)

and immediately breaks into a long and heated harangue on my appearance and extravagance. Here I could interrupt, and starting with his purchase of a can opener which could not even be used to open paper containers, work my way up through the greenish checked overcoat, until I reach the automobile which was such a bargain and which always had to be towed home from any trip of over five miles. But this down to earth method of nagging would be all wrong. According to the new cinematic rules, I would have to droop my head above the hat that I thought was so sweet, wrap it up tenderly in its tissue paper covering, slip it back into the box and say, "All right, dear, I'll take it back tomorrow." Any woman can appreciate the extent of this sacrifice.

I have planned a costume of severe but well-cut black, relieved with touches of soft white at the wrists and throat in which to do this suffering and sacrificing to which I am beginning to look forward eagerly. I forgot to mention the fact that one of the greatest advantages of this "silent suffering" method is that it raises the very devil with the peace of mind of the man involved. Long after you have become resigned to your sad life and, indeed, are rather beginning to enjoy it, he is still feeling pretty much like a cad or, if you will, "heel."

ISABELLE HESSION, '37.

Stevenson, Dreamer of Dreams

What made Stevenson the romantic novelist that he was? His real tragedy was the spirit of an adventurer imprisoned in the body of an invalid. One looks at him, a small, sickly little figure with lank brown hair and lustrous brown eyes set in the face of a dreamer. It was in dreams that Stevenson took refuge. Here he wove such incidents as he could never himself experience.

His whole life was directed towards achieving his aim; to realize the day dreams of men. As a small, delicate child, he had not strength enough to play with others, and an already vivid imagination found ample time in which to freely exercise itself. He lived in a world of his own creation, filled with interesting people, exciting adventures. The galloping horsemen, the sham battles in the land of counterpane were real to the child Stevenson, and were faithfully recorded, to contribute to the dreams of all childhood.

Ill health pursued him to manhood, and throughout his life he waged a ceaseless fight against his own weakness. He was treated always with consideration, and, perhaps a trace of condescension. His was a valiant spirit, and so he had constantly to be shielded against two things: his weakness and his courage. His life was one long search for health. His physical activity was extremely limited. A single tennis game once brought on a hemorrhage. Violent exercise was impossible. And so his imagination did double duty. In his dreams he had adventures such as real life could never bring him. These adventures he recorded, and other men found, in his books, fulfillment of a vaguely felt lack in their own lives. Here, colorfully, carefully presented, were strange experiences.

Stevenson had to pour out his dreams in books rather than find them in action. To himself, he was a frustrated adventurer. For his epitaph he chose to write:

"Home is the sailor, home from sea
And the hunter home from the hill."

But had Stevenson been stronger of body, would he have been the Stevenson we know? Would he have produced a *Treasure Island* or a *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*? Would not the full vigor of his personality have spent itself in action, instead of appearing so strongly on every page that the reader does not know whether it is the book or the author's personality which captivates?

We make no attempt to enter the controversy as to whether Stevenson was a great author, or merely the writer of pleasant stories. But it seems fairly certain that if it had not been for his precarious health there would have been a different Stevenson. Instead of pen and paper dreams he would probably have sought the more vigorous reality.

FRANCES BENNETT, '37.

Ascent

At midnight, we bundled up and started hiking, wearing a seemingly ridiculous pile of clothes, for the air was balmy and filled with summer sweetness. Nevertheless, we were determined and prepared to conquer that far-distant mountain top.

Under the magical influence of the encompassing blackness around us, the forest surged with life and mystery. The steep gravel path at our feet was alive with the beam of a brilliant moon. By the same light, we could see the towering pines and firs and the lissome birches—swaying silhouettes against the unblemished sky. Two miles of hard ascent taxed our muscles heavily. With joy we heard the gurgling of a secreted mountain stream. Behind an ominous vanguard of shadowy bark it was disclosed: a sparkling silver band catching the straying moonbeams, and weaving them into glittering diamonds in its depths. It had the luscious coolness of crystal and the tunefulness of the lullaby of the pines which shielded it.

When three miles had been left behind, the neighboring hills were falling into insignificance and far away could be seen tiny, blinking town lights like a cluster of bright berries on a bush.

Suddenly, all dense vegetation ceased. In place of the former foliage were rocky masses and scanty, leafless saplings. Huge boulders stood in austere relief against the softer background of the pale sky. Here the wind blew, chill and fierce, and the moon shed a yellow radiance on all of nature's bleak features.

By this time, we had put on every available garment, and rounding a bend, we huddled together to buck the forceful blast that met us. A crashing, thunderous sound made us pause to look back:—directly in the path we had just traversed was a seven-foot boulder, wrested from its precarious perch. A frightened hare threw us a cursory glance and scuttled away to safer quarters.

Five, six, seven tedious miles were gone—and there stretching away before us in endless billows was a mystifying lake of clouds. Foamy masses of mists reached far out over a gash between two mountain peaks.

Wearily we trudged the eighth mile. As we neared the summit and emerged from the protective stone arm of the mountain pass, the wind moaned and whined. Nor was it then surprising to me that the little shelter, crowning the peak, was lashed to the ground by immense chains.

Down far below, a rosy blush stole over the clouds. The waning moon seemed to impart its former glory to the miraculous panorama beneath. For there, wave after wave of golden orange and coral suffused the scene with vitality. Now the sky was a serene blue, like the deep waters of the South Seas. From under its colorful coverlet the cheerful sun slipped easily, and sent rays streaming down to earth.

MARIAN NOEL, '40.

Poems

To A. J. W.

Look—
even this pear tree in bloom
sheds petal-tears
in joy
for your new found happiness.

And I, who have loved silently
this tree and you
these many years,
stand here beneath
to catch
a handful of these petals—
gifts of tribute to you.

Angeline Leibinger, '38.

Cinquain: Old Lace

There is
no lace as old
or exquisite as leaves
of a frail birch against the sky
at dusk.

Angeline Leibinger, '38.

From St. Paul

Faith is the footwear of the soul;
Be not meanly shod,
Bind it with good works and go
Briskly up to God.

Maureen Riordan, '39.



Catherine Constantine, '39.

A Symbol

Red dust on my window sill,
Particles of pain:
Fragments of the broken heart
And the blood of Spain;
Bits of lava from the shrouds
Of dissolute Pompeii;
Fires that had seared the clouds
When Sodom burned away;
Ashes of corruption in
These bits of common clay.

Maureen Riordan, '39.

Peace

A just war is possible—even St. Thomas Aquinas admits this—but it has never been known to happen. In modern times a just war is impossible. There are so many facilities for communication, discussion, and arbitration that war is no longer necessary, unless forced by the greed and selfishness of the various countries.

Even were a modern war conceived in justice, it would be impossible to carry it on with any measure of fairness or decency. Modern warfare makes little provision for the safety of noncombatants, and will make less and less as time goes on.

It is difficult to decide who shall be trusted with the decision as to whether or not it is ethical for any given country to declare war. The voting populace usually does not know the facts, particularly when these facts have been the subject of newspaper propaganda. Congresses can be very slow and clumsy; but also they can be carried away by mass hysteria. The military forces are biased, for war is their business. Perhaps the best solution of this problem would be a consultative body of seven or nine members, all the members eligible for military service, and all to volunteer for active service as soon as war is declared.

How shall we act against war is another question, and not the easiest. One proposed measure is a peace amendment, the proposed declaration of war to be referred to the people. This, however, would take time. But if the question could be put to the people while war was still only a little cloud on the horizon, and they came out against it, the popular vote would force the government to redouble its efforts for peace, and if these efforts failed, the consultative body could make the decision.

Another proposed legislative measure is the placing of munitions manufacture under the control of the government, which would run this industry only for its actual needs with no question of profit arising. It is universally admitted that wars and revolutions are fomented by munitions makers to increase their profits.

The third and most far-reaching measure is education, and this cannot be accomplished by legislation alone. It requires far more intelligence and coöperation. It can begin in the schools, but must not end there. Adults can be reached by editorials, articles, radio talks and the distribution of pamphlets. Of necessity education must be confined to the countries where freedom of press and assembly is still protected by law.

In spite of all the pessimists who claim that in real civilization we have made no advance, and that the average citizen of today is just as selfish and cowardly as the one of a thousand, two thousand or more years ago, we have this comfort: there is today a real and growing desire for world peace, a peace supported by free, civilized, and enlightened peoples all over the world.

DOROTHY DUFFY, '37.

On Riding a Bicycle

I am quite a talented child. I can swim, dive, roller skate and ice skate. I play tennis, badminton, shuffleboard and deck tennis. I even knit and make fudge. But I have never learned to ride a bicycle. This has always been upsetting to me and jealously do I look at pictures of Hollywood folk, nattily clad in socks and shorts pursuing this art.

This inability on my part is not the result of laziness and want of practice, however. I have wheedled bicycles from friends whenever a thought of my ignorance reminds me of the incompleteness of my life. Smilingly do they lend me a bicycle; smilingly, I say, because my superior friends have mastered the bicycling art when quite young. I am just a dunce who, now, late in life, is striving to learn a child's game. Persevering in my childishness, however, I pursue a regular procedure, grasping the handlebars and pushing the wheel to a secluded street where I can climb on and fall off at will.

My friends can never leave me alone and perhaps this is just as well. Knocked over by the bicycle, as I usually am, I might be found senseless in the road. These admirably patient friends of mine usually hold the bicycle upright while I struggle onto it. I can never keep my balance and they have to run along beside me to keep the thing from turning. I construe this lopsidedness as natural and in keeping, no doubt, with some peculiar distribution of weight in my physical make-up. It is a very consoling thought.

Somehow my feet never work in harmony with the pedals and they are constantly repelling me. Then the whole situation usually strikes me as being very funny and I laugh so heartily that I lose all my little control of the bicycle. My friends have to work doubly hard, but they very rarely withstand my helpless weight and over we all fall, they, laughing and a little amazed at such clumsiness on one person's part, I, laughing and a trifle ashamed of all the trouble I am causing.

Unwinding arms, legs, and handlebars, off we start again. And I for a few moments will take the business seriously but accidentally go off alone at an artificial speed. The speed is artificial, at least to me, because the pedals go too fast for my feet and my heart is pounding at the thought of stopping the whirlwind I am riding. I never am able to stop it and either careen into a sidewalk and tree simultaneously or just fall over sideways.

And so my learning to ride a bicycle progresses spasmodically. I cannot ride, even at this late date. But as soon as I get a bicycle and a dark night—my pride will not allow any more day practice—I shall try again. I have a date before I die to tour England on a bicycle. So I simply must go on trying.

ELLEN O'TOOLE, '38.



Angelina Astaria, '38.

Le Renouveau Catholique dans La Littérature Française Contemporaine

Ceux qui étudient la philosophie qui a dominé la littérature française de 1880 à 1900, ne trouveront rien de plus étonnant que la tendance des jeunes écrivains du vingtième siècle vers l'église. Pendant ces deux décades, il y avait la période de la plus grande influence des apôtres d'irreligion—Taine, Renan, Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle—qui ont critiqué l'église comme la destructrice de la Science et de la Beauté. Mais, triste après la mort de Renan et de Taine, le monde est revenu tout d'un coup à la tradition chrétienne, ou plutôt catholique.

Le commencement de ce renouveau catholique peut être observé, non pas dans les œuvres des catholiques ou des convertis, mais lui-même dans ceux d'un homme qui n'est jamais devenu catholique—Baudelaire. Dans ses "*Fleurs du Mal*," il exprime la nostalgie d'une âme mondaine pour Dieu et pour la vie morale. De Baudelaire, Claudel dit: "Baudelaire a chanté la seule passion que le dix-neuvième siècle pût éprouver avec sincérité, le remords."

Le premier grand initiateur du renouveau et le converti à l'église est Paul Verlaine, le poète. Après une jeunesse débauchée, alcoolique, il est devenu Catholique pendant ses deux années en prison lorsqu'il servait pour l'attaque sur la vie de son ami, Rimbaud. Le fruit de cette conversion est la grande œuvre "*La Sagesse*," qui contient l'évidence de sa devotion à Dieu et à Sa Mère.

Un des grands convertis d'après la mort de Renan est Huysmans, le disciple de Zola, qui dans son roman d'avant sa conversion, "*A Rebours*," a montré toute la bassesse du naturalisme. Cet homme, créateur des descriptions plus répugnantes que celles de Zola ou De Maupassant, a écrit, après sa conversion, "*Un Route*," l'histoire de sa propre conversion, et "*La Cathédrale*," une louange de l'art de l'Eglise au Moyen Age.

Paul Bourget, qui, comme Huysmans, a commencé comme disciple de Taine et de Renan, après sa conversion, a trouvé dans leur philosophie la cause des maux du monde. L'œuvre, qui marque sa conversion, "*Le Disciple*," est une réfutation des idées de Taine; il dit que le maître de l'irreligion est responsable pour les actions de son disciple.

Le jeune converti le plus capable de peindre le surnaturel, c'est Paul Claudel; le créateur d'un symbolisme chrétien, d'un haut mysticisme, dont nous trouvons un bon exemple dans "*L'annonce faite à Marie*." Comme résultat de son étude de la Bible, Claudel a créé une forme de poésie, sans rime et sans mètre, qui lui semblait représenter le mieux ses idées. Son œuvre est donc le résultat de la combinaison de l'esprit catholique de l'auteur et les doctrines du symbolisme.

Ce qui représente le mieux le Renouveau, c'est la conversion d'Ernest Psichari, petit-fils du grand infidèle, Renan. Ce jeune homme, mort à

l'âge de 30 ans sur le champ de bataille de la Grande Guerre, un an après sa conversion, a vaincu l'influence d'une famille irréligieuse. Pendant son service militaire en Afrique, Psichari a trouvé sa foi, et, après sa mort, on a publié l'oeuvre qui décrit cette conversion. "*Le Voyage du Centurion*."

Il y a un autre jeune homme qui a été converti pendant son service militaire, mais un service tout à fait différent—celui d'un médecin dans la Grande Guerre. Ce converti est Henri Ghéon, le fils d'un père sans foi et d'une mère catholique. Après la guerre, il a voué ses talents à créer un théâtre des saints pour renouveler la dévotion envers ceux-ci. Il a écrit des drames sur la vie de Ste. Cécile, de St. Maurice et de beaucoup d'autres. Beaucoup de ces oeuvres sont traduites en anglais.

Un nom qui est très familier à tous ceux qui étudient ce renouveau, c'est celui de François Mauriac, qui, après avoir été dans sa jeunesse l'auteur des livres tels que "*Genitrix*" et "*Le Noeud de Vipères*"—livres psychologiques et réalistes, est devenu vraiment catholique et a écrit des livres religieux. Son livre le plus récent, c'est la "*Vie de Jésus*," qui vient d'être traduit en anglais.

Le Renouveau Catholique est si vaste et a eu tant de défenseurs qu'on ne peut pas les nommer tous, mais il faut mentionner au moins les noms d'autres grands soldats de la foi: Georges Duhamel, J. Calvet, Henri Massis, et beaucoup d'autres.

On doit voir dans ce renouveau une preuve du fait que l'Eglise durera toujours; la promesse du Christ ne sera pas oubliée.

MARY MARSHALL, '37.

Les Soupirs Modernes

Misère, misère, et encore misère. L'homme lutte éternellement. Il ne semble qu'un jouet dans les mains d'une nature capricieuse qui aime à s'amuser avec sa vie; son destin est évidemment sans aucune importance, toujours écrasé, anéanti par certaines forces incontrôlables; il marche sur une route obscure, sombre, avec un poids, très lourd sur ses épaules. Il ressemble à la feuille sèche qui est transportée d'un lieu à l'autre par un vent furieux et qui est finalement foulée par le pied du passant. Ses défaites sont innombrables et ses victoires très limitées.

De tous les côtés il est entouré par des problèmes, des conditions qui confusent son âme. À sa droite il trouve un communiste qui prêche l'égalité de tous les hommes, l'abolition de la propriété privée, la destruction de toutes formes de religion, en bref, la destruction de tout ce qui est plus cher, plus proche à son coeur. À sa gauche il voit la fureur de la rivière engloutissant des milliers d'hommes, répandant la désolation et la faim dans des villes entières. Cette nature semble une géante, une mère qui protège ses enfants et leur donne abondamment de ses fruits maternels; cette douce, cette bonne, cette généreuse, semble ouvrir ses bras et tendrement embrasser et protéger ses enfants. L'homme, se

décevant profondément, croit contrôler et même dominer cette mère, mais instamment, la nature comme celle qui a patiemment supporté les folies de ses enfants se révolte, devient furieuse, violente, incontrôlable et punit l'homme, le laissant désolé, sans famille et sans demeure.

Comme si les catastrophes de la nature n'étaient pas assez, le coeur humain est continuellement tourmenté par des problèmes créés par lui-même. Il lit les journaux et il se rend compte qu'une guerre n'est pas lointaine. Effrayé, découragé, il voit le futur désastre. Il se voit quittant sa femme, ses enfants, sa maison, sa patrie pour aller—Il se ferme, il pense et dans une exaspération on peut l'entendre dire "Aller où? A etre tué, à tuer? Pour qui? Pour quoi?" Il voit, il comprend la futilité la cruauté d'une future guerre, mais en même temps il ne sait pas comment arrêter une generation folle qui veut tuer et etre tuée. Il voit la terreur s'approcher; Mais que peut-il faire?

Il se tourne d'un autre côté et là il voit la fureur humaine; une sauvagerie presque incrédule; frère qui tue frère—villes détruites, églises écrasées, enfants mutilés, prêtres brûlés. Sans limites, l'homme continue à tuer, à faire le meurtrier. L'Espagne offre à sa vue le tableau le plus triste, le plus pénible, le plus sombre et pitoyable.

Après avoir donné un coup d'oeil autour de lui, l'homme moderne se sent effroyablement triste, seul, capable de ne rien faire. Où donc va-t-il trouver une solution, pour ces problèmes compliqués? Où va-t-il trouver cette consolation, cette paix d'âme, cette explication de tous ces événements mêlés et contradictoires? Où va-t-il se réfugier? Il n'y a qu'un choix, il n'y a pas d'alternatif. Ca va être le communisme ou le catholicisme. Il va accepter Jésus ou Marx. Il va embrasser la croix du Christ et suivre une vie chrétienne, une vie catholique, une vie dédiée à Jésus, une vie qui abonde en charité et amour, amour pour son ami aussi que pour son ennemi, un amour pur, un amour universel. Il va aimer le communiste aussi bien que le catholique et il va prier pour lui. Il va marcher vers la vie que le conduira au paradis céleste, à l'éternité et pendant cet exil terrestre il va être toujours avec Jésus, son coeur battra avec le Sacré Coeur, ses peines, ses problèmes seront atténués par la grâce et l'amour de Jésus. Son âme immortelle va être nourrie avec le Corps et le Sang de Notre Seigneur. Voilà ce que le catholicisme présente à l'homme confus—troublé, désolé.

Le communisme lui présente une philosophie toute différente, toute opposée à celle du catholicisme. Puisqu'il rejette Dieu, une autre vie, le paradis, le communiste doit et est intéressé sincèrement dans cette vie mondaine. Ainsi, s'il ne possède pas les richesses, les comforts des capitalistes, or même s'il manque les nécessaires de la vie, il devient morbide, amer, révolutionnaire. Il hait ceux qui sont plus riches parce qu'il veut être riche lui-même. Sa philosophie matérielle est basée sur la haine, haine, haine pour tous ceux qui s'opposent à lui. Et pour obtenir ces buts le communiste évoque la guerre civile. Il prêche la justice mais il ap-

(Continued on page thirty-four)

As I Look Back—

It was for Palm Sunday, I think, that my Scottish friend and I determined to enjoy what would probably be the last good skiing of the season. Our friends had scattered to pass the lengthy Easter holiday on the Riviera, in Rome, in the Black Forest, in Belgium. Grenoble, usually so gay with student life, was a city deserted. That we found ourselves the only visitors, with the exception of a group of villainous-looking and amorously inclined young Persians, in the small huddle of chalets that constituted our mountain retreat was not really surprising. For long golden days we remained there, toiling up to still greater heights, crossing countless mountain prairies—so much sun and blue sky, air like wine and snowy waste, with two tiny beings almost frightened by the wonder of it all. Every small call we made, every laugh echoed from every side (a phenomenon we had never really noticed before), producing a wild medley of sound that accentuated our aloneness. One afternoon we lay stretched out on our skis under the burning sun, listening to the dull distant thunder of far-away avalanches, cheerfully aware that the snow above us might break loose, putting an abrupt end to our story. We lay there I do not know how long, for everything seems out of proportion in the mountains: voices carry for miles, far off objects often appear close by, and incredibly enough, time seems to stand still. Gradually our solitude became a fearful thing, and we wanted to be down in the village that from our position was only a few scattered dots in the snow; somehow the very courage to make the long descent was lacking. Suddenly, the air was flooded from above with the most wonderful music. We looked up. A small bird was flying toward the sky, each moment leaving us farther behind as he enraptured us with his joyous song. "A lark," said my friend, who comes from Scottish hills and woodlands, and knows about such things. We soon lost him to the sky, but even when his song was lost to the echoes, it lived on in our hearts. I have wondered since what made him come there.

* * * *

The nightingales came with the month of May. Through long nights, when the garden lay fragrant with lilac and white in the moonlight, when ever the river close by was almost still, the nightingales sang in the flowering trees beside my open window. The night had never before possessed such thrilling beauty. But soon May was gone, and the nightingales flew away to some other garden farther north.

* * * *

I am not being very practical. I was asked to write a helpful sort of article, outlining the value of my sojourn abroad to me as a student of language. Until now I have spoken only of nightingales and a skylark, of songs that I have loved. You might find it difficult to realize that

for the scholastic year beginning in November, '35, and closing in July, '36, the greater part of my time was spent at work at the Faculté des Lettres of the University of Grenoble. Romancing then was one of those things to be squeezed into occasional free hours, wonderful Sundays, and stolen holidays. (In French, student "argot"; you do not "cut," you either "shave" or "brush" classes—but it all amounts to the same thing.) Naturally enough, it is not to the amphithéâtre of the Faculté, with its hard, backless benches, its desks thickly engraved by generations of students with everything from "N. Y. U." to "Viva il Duce," and its wooden gallery that echoed hollowly under the feet of the tardy, that my mind reverts most fondly. Rather do I remember a romantic old Irishman, a firm believer in ghosts and fairies, who drove a jaunting car around Killarney's Lakes, and who stopped his horse upon an old Wishing Bridge to have me make the fatal wish that would bring me a husband by the next Tuesday (to this day what went wrong is still a mystery—I jolly well wished hard enough!); rather do I think of how lovely Paris was in late September, how exciting was Rome in October, with war, bright uniforms and ardent patriotism—and in quiet contrast how beautiful were Amalfi and the island of Capri, how utterly satisfying was London at Christmas. I remember a shocked, almost speechless Europe when the beloved young Queen of the Belgians was killed, a saddened Europe when the British lost their king; more vividly still do I remember a horrified France when "der Fuehrer" took it upon himself to send soldiers into the Rhineland, a paralyzed France, helpless in the hands of an almost universal strike. It is pleasant to recall cycling on warm summer days along winding country roads, bordered by riots of poppy, resting beside some mountain stream, talking to the inquisitive little peasant children in sabots and black aprons. I shall never forget the mountains that I came to love so desperately, crowned eternally with snow, wreathed with flowers in the summer, when to walk seemed almost a crime, for every step meant crushing narcissus and gentian and forget-me-not. There are many other memories, a few too disagreeable to mention; many more far too precious.

In all justice, the University deserves more than the casual mention it has received. There was more presented to us last year than I could learn in ten. I never dreamed I knew so little. And now, not even a year later, I find that there is little of philosophy, philology, or even of phonetics that I could speak without the aid of my notes. The University courses were only theory, but every part of my life in France outside of the Faculté was another helpful laboratory experiment. Truly, if I have learned at all, it has been in living.

AGNES R. DOOLEY, '35.

Agnes Repplier: An Appreciation¹

"'Don Quixote,' says Mr. Shorthouse with unctious gravity, 'will come in time to be recognized as one of the saddest books ever written.' And, if the critics keep on expounding it much longer, I truly fear it will. It may be urged that Cervantes himself was low enough to think it exceedingly funny; but then one advantage of our new and keener insight into literature is to prove to us how indifferently great authors understood their own masterpieces. Shakespeare, we are told, knew comparatively little about *Hamlet*, and he is to be congratulated on his limitations. Defoe would hardly recognize *Robinson Crusoe* as a 'picture of civilization,' having innocently supposed it quite the reverse."

This paragraph from the essay, *A Plea for Humor*, is an example of Agnes Repplier's delicate and sustained irony. This irony, coupled with a humorous insight into human nature, is the nearest approach that Miss Repplier makes to that elusive thing called style; her straightforward and beautiful English, unmarred by any of the tricks and foibles of our modern journalese, has inherent charm. Dignity, a clear and penetrating sense of humor, and a background that includes much that is at once delightfully fanciful and obscure, combine to make for some of the finest writing of our own times.

Like many pleasantly booky people, Miss Repplier automatically finds her books taking a more prominent position in her mind than her living associates; a fact reflected almost unconsciously in the choice of her titles. *Compromises*, *Points of View*, *Books and Men*, are collections of essays that cover a wide field in a charmingly friendly fashion. Her humor points itself about the idea and attitude rather than in a trick of word or speech. Her irony, playful for the most part, and never at any time becoming caustic, is directed against an idea in preference to the mere expression of that idea. In her rueful and bewildered contacts with that efficient and well-balanced personality, the modern pre-school child, it is the theory behind our methods and not the methods themselves that she bewails.

Longer essays, *To Think of Tea!* and *Convent Days* among them, present to the world the same whimsical face as the shorter ones. *To Think of Tea!* is a delectable but respectful work dear to anyone who cherishes that gracious bit of affection we call tea-time. Respectful is used advisedly, for Agnes Repplier is not the writer to minimize that which is beautiful and mysterious in any field, and certainly not in one into which her own affections are closely knit. *Convent Days* probably is one of the most beautiful reminiscences of school days ever written. The simplicity that endears it, along with Ruth Fielding and the Rover Boys, to the indiscriminating tastes of the eleven year old, carries the gentle charm appreciated by the more mature.

¹ This is the third in our series of articles on Catholic writers in accordance with the policy stated in the Fall issue.

Mere Marie of the Ursulines and *Pere Marquette* are credible contributions to the more restricted field of biography. *Mere Marie of the Ursulines* was for a long time a "best seller." To be a "best seller" is not always high praise for a biography. It generally means, now, that the sentimental and sensational have been emphasized and enlarged upon to a degree incompatible with a sane and serious study of character. However, Miss Repplier's work is serious without being dull, and scholarly without being ponderous. The magnitude of the appeal is evident when one considers the very limited circle whom these particular studies would ordinarily attract.

The work of Agnes Repplier is peculiarly interesting in that while it is essentially the work of an American woman, it does not follow the train of thinking usually associated with Americans or with women. She has no theory to present, no axe to grind; and in this she is unique among Americans. As a race we are not given to the pleasant and illuminating habit of writing for the pleasure of writing. Even the diaries of our earlier days were written for very definite reasons; in some cases moral reasons, and in others, for the typically American purpose of a little wholesome advertising. Now, even the notes young mothers write copiously about their three-month-olds take on serious and esoteric psychological reasons.

Agnes Repplier does not follow our usual concept of the woman writer, and especially not of the woman essayist. Her choice of topics and her treatment of them are typical of the work of men like Lamb, Addison and Steele, and like no woman essayist I know. Some women write like the redoubtable "first lady," who is of the "had tea with Josie and Rose at two and dinner with Frank and Minnie at eight" school. Into this school falls the more elegant work of the famous letter writers. The other school of women writers is well exemplified in Virginia Woolf, who cannot forget she is a woman and seems to write as much with the chip on her shoulder as the pen in her hand. Agnes Repplier alone of the women essayists seems to have slipped between the Scylla of inconsequentiality and the Charybdis of feminism.

MARJORIE McKEOUGH, '38.



Angelina Leibinger, '38.

Town Topics

Who is Clarence? Where is Clarence? What is Clarence? We, of course, wouldn't know what this is all about, but some kind soul dropped the above trio of questions into the LORIA box and labelled the paper "Town Topics." We are mostly concerned with, "What is Clarence?" Having figured that out, we feel that we might have some foundation for pursuing the problem further. Or maybe we're taking the whole affair too seriously. Perhaps they are merely rhetorical questions like the famous "Who is Sylvia?," or for that matter, "Where's Elmer?"—or shall we let the whole thing drop?

The young lady who presented the above queries to this puzzled department also suggests another: Has St. Joe's taken a turn for the better? The reason for this optimistic turn of mind is the fact that one of the little (?) Freshmen receives eight letters a week from Georgetown University. (P. S.—On which day does she receive two, and why?) To return to the matter in hand—we agree very thoroughly that the above achievement marks a definite turn for the better. But we make so bold as to suggest that another Freshman has an equally glorious achievement to her credit. This one has found a substitute for counting sheep as a sedative. She counts flies. Need we add, she takes biology. . . .

Did you have a nice Easter vacation? Of course, we've all been a little dazed since. You know how upsetting a little festivity can be. Evidently, however, anticipation upset one of the gals. She was in a group discussing plans for the holiday when somebody asked when was the last day of school. "Wednesday at six," replied one of the group. "Oh!" murmured the dazed one. "I didn't know that Easter was on Thursday this year." But we still love her.

(This department is just beginning to worry about Clarence. Who is Clarence? Poor boy, if he is a boy, maybe he's lost. . . .)

We didn't want to use this material about the Valentines, but news being so scarce and times what they are, we had better use all the material at hand. Now that we get down to it there really isn't much to tell. Two of the profs received lovely valentines. One was so appreciative that he read it to the class, with fine feeling. The nicest part was the verse in which the sendee considered herself lucky "to be his ducky-wucky." The other valentine is currently being used as a bookmark. Ah! What is Life without Romance. (Both with capitals, printer.) Speaking of romance, we should like to thank the young lady who dropped that little thing called "Seen About Town" in the LORIA box. Very interesting information but, pul-lease, we'd like to pass one or two courses this June. Lady, you certainly get around.

(Please don't ask us any more questions about Clarence unless you answer them at the same time. Fun is fun but . . . Who is Clarence?)

To relieve the tension Clarence has so unwittingly imposed upon

us, we shall relay to you a few jokes overheard around the college. Being, for the most part, the result of Junior effervescence, they carry no guarantee with them. (You'll see why in a minute.) In order that you might not become confused, we shall clarify the issue by numbering them:

1. "Why, of course, they're good friends. Very good friends, in fact—just like Damon and Runyon. (Joke.)

2. A. Mary couldn't come tonight. She said she had to stop off at Polyclinic Hospital. B. What's that? A hospital for parrots? (Joke.)

3. After the January finals a group of Juniors were relaxing at a performance of *Othello*. Brian Aherne as Iago was worrying poor ole Walter Othello Huston just about to death. As was his wont (Shakespearean influence) Iago was up to some pretty slimy tricks. Suddenly a voice was heard from the second balcony. "Hey! What are we seeing, *Othello* or *Brother Rat*?" (Joke.)

4. This one is really unforgiveable, coming as it does from one of the religious members of the faculty. The gist of the story is this: Sister knows a widow who is now going around with a man considerably shorter than she is. So Sister suggests that he be called the "Widow's Mite." Ouch, Sister, how could you?

By now, of course, the Dean's list is a matter of history. But did you hear the excitement the first day it was posted? One of the girls went sallying into the office very cheerfully. In about two seconds those who were waiting in the hall heard terrible noises—"Awful!! Terrible!! Good-night!! . . ." Well, the rest of the line thought maybe they would come back later. On second thought, maybe they would wait and catch the victim on her way out. They decided against discretion and waited to pick up the pieces. A few minutes later our friend emerged serenely. The Dean hadn't liked her new haircut. . . .

In addition to the Dean's list, Spring in St. Joseph's always means quantities of poetry—good, bad, and indifferent. The Freshmen are walking around in poetic frenzy trying to create something for their lit class. Also, one of the Seniors found a very romantic poem on love under one of the cushions in Fontbonne. (The poem made no mention of spinach . . .) Finally, one upper classman was seen (and heard) wandering around the locker room reciting an *Ode to Gnomes*. It goes like this:

"Little midget men
Awful dopes—
Can't count ten."

The author explains this phenomenon by admitting that she has been reading Gertrude Stein. Some technical people asserted that gnomes can't even count one—but does "one" rhyme with "ten"? Poetic license, my friends. Just to go on record, we may as well admit we still prefer prose.

TOWN TOPICS is going to run a contest. Let us explain: the other day, in Fontbonne, as the second bell rang, one of the girls gathered up her books and started out, saying, "Well, I might as well go and hear some more 'Plain tales from the hills.'" Naturally, our curiosity was aroused to fever pitch (as they say in cheap novels), and we tried to find out what class she was headed for. We have no intention of telling you, but you can guess all you want. What class do you think she was going to—and why? Write the answer on the back of a ten dollar bill and leave it in the pound. Make your answers brief, no longer than *Gone With the Wind*. Professors are free to enter this contest, but are forbidden to boost their own courses. If a Senior wins, she will receive as a prize an extra copy of the Ethics book list.

Can't think of another thing except the elusive trombone player who haunts the first floor. And what can you say about her except that she can only play on one note, or music to that effect. Oh yes, and the nursery school children. It seems that they are smarter than we. They, at least, have discovered Tom's last name. At any rate, they call him "Tom, the Waxing Machine." Which just shows how smart pre-school children can be.

We can't end without a word for Clarence.

PERSONAL—Clarence: Come home. All is forgiven.

RELA

(Continued from page six)

"It is time you earned something to help your parents, Rela, or at least to keep yourself. I have spoken to Pedro Yanez about you and he is willing that you should be one of the girls in his cabaret at Santa Anna. He has already paid me something in advance. You shall have some of the money to buy new things you'll need. You must hurry. He is waiting for us, so get your things."

Rela was stunned. She knew what this meant; all the ugliness and horror and sordidness it implied. Carmencita up the road had gone to Pedro's place, and Rela knew what it had been like. She would not go; no one could make her go. There were so many other girls, she would not have to go. Her father must give back the money. But to a Caribbean father a daughter is a material asset. One does not let his donkey refuse to pull the loads of bananas into town, nor allow his chicken to refuse to give up its life for human food. So Rela was brought forcibly into Santa Anna.

The market stalls were quiet that day. Heavy laces lay in a jumbled mass on a wooden counter between opalescent fish out of the sea and carved Indian articles from the mountain settlement. Red and green and deep yellow gourds hung in polished clusters against the stucco walls. It was during the lull of activity after the siesta. Few people were about, so that Rela and her father were conspicuous as they walked through the dusty streets of the little town. From the stalls two women of the American colony observed the girl who wept and the old man who cursed her.

"I wonder what could have happened to the poor thing to make her cry so; that old fellow with her doesn't look any too gentle. I'm going to find out what the trouble is there." Mrs. Parker was as capable as she was inquisitive. Dropping the laces she had been examining, she followed the man and the girl. She was joined by her companion, and together they entered the cabaret after the others.

It was a small, white plastered room where Rela and her father stood before a deal table. Pedro sat there tapping a pencil. The young girl sobbed and begged that she be allowed to go back to the forest. The impassioned cries were checked by a vicious pinch on her arm. The old man's fingermarks were swollen and ugly on the smooth brown flesh. Turning to Yanez he said, "Señor, she will stay. Do not mind the crying, please. She's still very young and is not used to being away from home; she does not mean what she is saying. She will stay, Señor."

Pedro then cut in, "This is a business deal. She don't have to stay if she don't want to. There are plenty of others; but decide yes or no and do it quick. She either stays or I get my money back."

The two women stood in the doorway, unnoticed at first. Pedro turned around. "What do you want?"

Mrs. Rickard went over to the girl, putting her arm across Rela's

shoulder. "I need a maid, and if the young lady is willing I'll be glad to engage her for whatever amount you have given this man." She addressed her words to Pedro.

"That suits me," he said.

"I'll give you a check, then, and we'll consider the matter settled," Mrs. Rickard replied, with a meaningful look at the girl's father.

Rela was too exhausted to be overjoyed. She felt a kind of dumb gratitude, like that of a wounded animal toward one who has eased its pain. Together the three women walked over to the American colony. Mrs. Parker dropped off at her own house. Rela and Mrs. Rickard continued along the street. It was the girl who first broke the silence.

"You have been so kind to me, Señora, there is one more thing that I would ask of you. Tomorrow I must see my lover and tell him what has happened to me. We shall be married, and together we will pay back the money you gave Pedro Yanez. You will allow me just a little time tomorrow, Señora?"

"Of course, Rela. I am glad to hear you are in love. It makes all this easier for you to bear. You will be married soon and it will all be just a bad dream to you then. It is a happy and beautiful thing to be in love. I know, for I, too, am in love, with my husband."

The tropical night had set in swiftly and unexpectedly, with the effect of a curtain falling. The windows of the Rickard's house shone yellow and inviting in the sudden dark blue night.

"My husband must be home now. The lights are all lit," Mrs. Rickard remarked. The front door was only a few feet away now. The two women, separated as they were by race and society, felt kindred to each other. Perhaps it was because of the experience they had just been through together, perhaps it was the beauty of the night, or the understanding that exists between two women, each of them knowing love. They walked up the short flight of steps to the front door. Mrs. Rickard knocked. Tony opened the door.

EVELYN McCAUSLAND, '37.

LES SOUPIRS MODERNES

(Continued from page twenty-five)

plique injustice envers un certain groupe. Il veut la liberté des ouvriers mais il veut suffoquer, étouffer ceux qui s'opposent à lui. Démolisateur de l'autel de Jésus, il veut le remplacer par celui de Marx, Lenin, ou Stalin.

Qui l'homme confus, triste, et désolé va-t-il écouter? Qui va-t-il suivre? Jésus ou Marx? Cela dépend de la ferveur avec laquelle le catholique croit et pratique ce qu'il croit. L'indifférence, l'apathie si commune parmi les catholiques doit cesser instamment.

N'oubliez pas, oh monde catholique, que la classe ouvrière est malade—elle a besoin d'être guérie—et cette guérison va être spirituelle. Apportez donc Jésus, la foi, la vraie foi au communiste, à l'athée, au souffrant—même s'ils vous haïssent. CONCETTA GIAMPIETRO, '39.

Editorials

A Catholic Theatre

It is a significant fact that European drama had its origin in the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church. Catholicism as a religion of elaborate ritual contained the elements of drama necessary to revive an art that had been dormant a thousand years. Today Catholicism as a religion flexible enough to be still living in a changed age contains the materials needed to rejuvenate the drama.

According to Emmet Lavery, "All we need to project the Catholic Theatre in America is a very simple organization." At present there are about four thousand dramatic groups in parishes throughout the United States. We have theatres, equipment, and personnel.

This contact is to be established by means of the National Catholic Theatre Conference to be held June 15th and 16th in the Loyola Community Theatre in Chicago. The purpose of this conference is to form an "association for the advancement of our common standards."

As Catholics we should be interested in any movement which seeks to spread our culture. We urge you, then, to follow the proceedings of the conference. You may find it possible to attend the conference; it is open to anyone. If not, you may be interested in learning to write plays; in conjunction with this movement, the Intercollegiate Catholic Literary Conference has monthly workshop meetings in Manhattan. At any rate, we will be called upon either through the college or through our parishes to become active in this field. We must be ready to coöperate. A. L.

Congratulations, Varsity!

In the previous issue of *LORIA*, we were forced to solicit student support for the varsity. Apparently the reminder was effective, and the team this year has enjoyed the most successful season in its history. Its record of seven decisive victories and only one defeat (and that by but one point) speaks for itself. The single defeat by Manhattanville, we boast, only served to brighten the varsity's laurels. The Manhattanville team, with its excellent record of forty-seven successive victories, was seriously threatened when St. Joseph's rallied in the last quarter of the game. It was indeed the thrilling end of a brilliant season.

Unfortunately, commencement this year will take from the team many of its regulars. The superb teamwork of Betty Humann and Annette Robinson, the speed and accuracy of Eileen Brennan, Betty O'Halloran, Fran Young and Gail Dorney, and the leadership of Peggy English, the captain, will become our forced legacies to the alumnae. Moreover, next year's team will be deprived of the coaching of Miss Close, to whom much of the success is due.

On the other hand, there still remain such players as Jane Walsh and Anne Hyland, whose abilities promise a successful season next year.

Student enthusiasm for the entire team has been evident at all the games, and that, in itself, is the best form of congratulation to the varsity. Nothing remains to be added to it, save our penned conviction, "You can't keep a good team down!"

M. R.

Fathers' Club

Most colleges have Parents' Associations, or Mothers' Auxiliaries. St. Joseph's has—the Fathers' Club. The simplicity of its name is characteristic of the society. It is a friendly group which aims: to provide a meeting ground for faculty and fathers; to acquaint the fathers with the actualities of our college life; thereby to help the fathers meet problems with their daughters, to foster greater companionship between the two.

Father Dillon has been its strongest mover since the very beginning of the club. His contributions to the program at every meeting are enthusiastically received. His wish is to help us, through knowing our fathers and having their coöperation. There are doubtless many unrevealed cases of important adjustments and solutions effected through the contacts of the Fathers' Club.

Despite its admitted values, the Fathers' Club does not get the support it merits. Those who do attend like it; some members would not miss a meeting, though their daughters are now alumnae; most members agree it is profitable to attend just to hear Father Dillon. Why, then, is there need to "drum up trade" for the meetings?

It is obvious the responsibility lies with the daughters to induce their fathers to come just once. It is the exceptional man who will not thereafter return regularly. Why not regard the matter of bringing your father down this April as a right and privilege as well as a duty—like voting? No one but you, the individual, can cast *your* vote. No one but you can bring *your* father to the Fathers' Club meeting. Be a sport. Do this small thing for those who spend time and energy to make the Fathers' Club worth while.

We Present . . .

John Gunther, in *Inside Europe*, states: "Stalin is the most powerful single human being in the world; and one of the very greatest." Yet a few pages further on Gunther notes that the dictator did not "flinch from obliterating . . . recalcitrant peasants by the weapon of famine." And he tells how, when Stalin was asked how long he would go on killing people, he replied, "As long as it is necessary."

We do not question Stalin's power; it is a self-evident fact. But if he is all that we have to offer in the way of greatness, then it is a terrible indictment against our civilization. However, we feel that this is not true; many great men have arisen in our day. Among this number, Pope Pius XI stands preëminent.

Not the least among the attributes which go to make up the Pope's strong character is his courage. Of this courage we have had ample evidence in his struggle against the physical weakness which threatened his life. Within the past month, while still in poor health, he has courageously taken the offensive against four important anti-Christian powers. He attacked both Spain and Russia in his encyclical against Communism; he urged the strengthening of the Catholic position in Mexico in his Easter Sunday message. In the letter to the German people, he upbraided the Nazi Government for failing to keep the Concordat with the Vatican.

Other things besides courage entitle the Pope to his claim to greatness—honesty, sincerity, broadmindedness, a wide and almost unlimited culture, deep understanding, and a charity that encompasses the world. And with St. Paul we feel that the greatest of these is his charity.

Mr. Gunther, may we present Pius XI—a truly great man? K. S.

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